Thank God For Sleepaway Camp

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8155453.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/M, M/M, Multi
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Bedelia Du Maurier/Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Abigail Hobbs, Hannibal Lecter, Bedelia Du Maurier, Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies, murder-free, Alternate Universe - Teachers, Polyamory, Polyamory Negotiations, Summer Camp, that's where we keep abigail while the porn happens, Breast Fucking, Anal Fingering, Knifeplay, Murder Kink, Choking, Top Drop, shirtless yardwork, Shower Sex, Oral Sex, Picnics, Talking, Getting to Know Each Other, taking their time after all the rushed and clandestine fucking, Anal Sex, Double Penetration, Double Penetration in Two Holes, Bondage, Finger Sucking, Rough Kissing, Light Dom/sub, Praise Kink, Face-Fucking
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of The Mating Habits of Suburban Lectroids as Affected by the Adoption of a Human Podling
Stats:	Published: 2016-09-28 Updated: 2017-12-01 Words: 28,827 Chapters: 28/?

Thank God For Sleepaway Camp

by Not_You

Summary

With Abigail and Morgan at summer camp, there is no one to guard Will's virtue, which is a massive relief for all involved adults.

Greenwater

Abigail is very pleased to see that her parents are more relaxed about camp this year. Last year they had had to do lots of breathing exercises and Dad had hugged her so tight on the way out of camp that she had found a little bruise on her ribcage afterward. They're still tense this year, but in a calmer way. She's glad, because Greenwater is great, and she hates feeling like a jerk for wanting to go.

At least this year Mom and Dad have Mr. Graham to hang out with. They call him a lot, in between giving Abigail hugs and helping her pack her bag. They always make sure she has sunscreen, and bug spray, and two flashlights in case something happens to one of them, along with Bunbun and more trail mix than she can ever eat by herself.

Greenwater has a shuttle service, but Mom and Dad never use it. They drive Abigail, even though it takes all day long and the roads out to Greenwater are really windy. It's a pretty drive, and Abigail spends most of it looking out the window while Dad plays opera and Mom sips juice that isn't really juice, because she's not driving. She's not supposed to do that, but Dad says that's only because she could be giving him some, and Abigail knows that she isn't.

Dad packs a lot of good snacks, but they also stop at an almost-hidden sort of lodge place for lunch, where she can get fries and Mom and Dad can get fancy French stuff. It works out for everyone. Afterward they practice Japanese with her as they drive, working their way up into the mountains, where the green lake sits like wine in a cup.

Greenwater is appropriately named, but everything else is green, too. The place is a riot of vegetation, and Abigail always feels like the trees themselves are friendly here. She also likes the little log cabins, with their tin roofs and the brass numbers on the doors. Every year the kids in each cabin get to make a sign for the door, an image to identify the cabin beyond its number. Dad locks the car and leads the way to the main building, carrying Abigail's overnight bag for her. She follows with her backpack, which holds both flashlights and her notebook, along with all that trail mix.

Every year there are different kids here. Some come with caretakers or interpreters, but a lot are like Abigail, with their parents, and of course there are kids piling out of the shuttles. When they get to the main building, Morgan is there, and Abigail runs over to hug her. Every year, her mom welcomes all the kids, and spends the three weeks of camp overseeing the counselors, so right now she's at the head of the room, watching as the counselors seat kids at the long tables.

"I saved us two seats," Morgan says, and points to where she has left a book on one and her coat on the other. They're not the very best seats, because Morgan doesn't believe in taking too much advantage of being the boss's daughter. Abigail likes that about her.

Most of the parents leave before Morgan's mom starts talking, but of course Mom and Dad stick around. They sit at another table, at least, and listen very politely as Morgan's mom starts talking. She introduces herself as Margot Bloom (Morgan says she took her mama's

name, because her own family were so mean to her,) and talks about how important it is to be together in nature. Especially when really bad and scary things happen, but she doesn't concentrate on that part, which is probably pretty smart. She assures them that they're safe here, and that they'll have a good time.

Time time Mom and Dad don't stay for dinner, thank god. Abigail loves them to bits and is going to miss them, but watching them sit very upright and politely eat the buffet food with everyone else is pretty terrible sometimes. Mostly because Abigail can guess what they really think of the food, which is perfectly good but kinda... normal, for them. And the marinara is absolutely way too sweet, but other kids like it like that. Abigail tries to bear it with philosophy. This year Mom and Dad just come over to give her a hug and a kiss, checking to make sure she has everything before leaving with only a few glances back. Abigail is proud of them.

After Ms. Bloom is done talking, Abigail and Morgan go pick what they want out of the buffet and catch up on the tail end of the school year. She's glad to hear that her dad is doing well, and Abigail is glad to hear that they're in the same cabin this year. Usually Morgan stays with Ms. Bloom, but until last year she was technically too young to be at camp, so it would've been weird.

This year, they carry their bags to number 7 together, and take the same bunk bed. Morgan flops around a lot in her sleep, so Abigail can have the top bunk. Last year there were two girls who were way more scared in her cabin, so everyone let them have the tops. This year the other girls are more stable, and one of them is scared of heights anyway. Just like last year Abigail is kind of worried that she'll be stuck with jerks, but it looks okay so far this year. Debra (never Debbie, she says) and Anne are both pretty nice.

There are no bathrooms in the cabin, so they all have to walk to the closest of the little concrete ones, where everyone brushes her teeth before going back to the cabin. A counselor comes to make sure they're all there, and lets them know that lights out is in half an hour. Debra and Anne prove themselves further by not laughing at Bunbun when Abigail takes him out. Of course, at a place like this, a lot of kids do things that are babyish. Soon all four of them are tucked in for the night. It starts to rain, and up by the roof it's really loud. The sound is soothing, and drums Abigail to sleep along with the quiet breathing of the other girls.

Consolation

Leaving Abigail at Greenwater is still a wrench, but Hannibal has to admit to himself that it is some consolation to be able to call Will from the passenger seat as Bedelia takes her turn to drive. They're just at the edge of the rain when Hannibal makes the call, and he watches it slide down his window in silver streaks as he waits for Will to answer.

"Hannibal?" he asks, and there's an outdoor sound to his voice. Hannibal can picture him clearly, ensconced in dogs on his porch, under the clear sky that he and Bedelia are just starting to see.

"Bedelia and I are on our way back from Greenwater. May we come see you?"

Will swallows audibly. "Uh, sure."

"We could be as much as an hour out, depending on traffic. I'll call you again when we're closer."

It ends up taking a little less than forty-five minutes, and Hannibal calls Will again as Bedelia swings onto the rural route that will take them to his house. The sky overhead is clear, the blue of the zenith deepening toward black as the stars come out. Will's voice sounds like he's indoors now, and he sounds endearingly grumpy about how happy he is to know they're coming. Hannibal chuckles, and he's still telling Will just how adorable he is as Bedelia pulls into his driveway.

The dogs are delighted to see them, and Will gives them a shy smile, melting completely when Hannibal makes his way through the swarm of dogs and puts his arms around him. Will shivers, and moans softly when Hannibal kisses him. He makes a little surprised noise as Bedelia moves to embrace him from behind, and then relaxes again as Hannibal does his best to kiss him completely senseless and Bedelia slips her hands up under his shirt.

"Good evening to you, too," Will gasps, when he can speak again.

"Far better now that we're here," Hannibal purrs, and Bedelia pinches Will's nipples, making him gasp and curse.

"Should we back off," Bedelia asks, "or send your dogs upstairs before we scandalize them?"

"Upstairs," Will says, and then extricates himself to repeat the word to the pack, who trot up the stairs obediently.

Will follows to shut them into Morgan's room, and while he's doing that, Bedelia smooths out the covers of the bed and Hannibal carefully removes his own shirt and Bedelia's blouse, folding them neatly on the back of the couch. Will comes back down, his own shirt vanished somewhere upstairs. He'll probably be embarrassed later that they didn't even stop for drinks, but Hannibal would have to work very hard to care less. As it is, Bedelia appropriates Will as soon as he comes within reach, tugging him into her arms. She's small but strong, and Will is

feeling it now. He sighs as she kisses him, and lets her maneuver him onto his back on the bed. He spreads his legs enough for her to settle between them, helping her to pull his jeans down and off. The boxer-briefs underneath are wet and straining to cover Will, and Bedelia smiles, carefully pulling them down.

"I, uh..." Will is flushed and squirming under her gaze and the urge to bite him is nearly unbearable. Hannibal resists, though. Will needs to be able to listen to Bedelia.

"Don't talk about not lasting," Bedelia purrs, taking his cock in one gentle hand, giving it one little squeeze but otherwise just inspecting it for a moment. Will whines, trembling but otherwise very still under her. Bedelia smiles sweetly at him, and Will whimpers, biting his lip to keep the sound from being any louder. "We like making you come, Will," she says, "and we know that you're younger than we are, we know that you have had fewer outlets lately, and you can always help or watch."

"Okay," Will whispers, and then moans softly as Bedelia strokes him.

He buries his face in one hand, groaning as Bedelia moves just a little faster. Hannibal takes off the rest of his clothes and sets them aside, stretching out next to Will and pulling his hand away from his face so he can kiss him. Will whimpers into his mouth and clings to him. Bedelia takes this opportunity to sit back and remove her bra without turning it around, an elegant little performance that Hannibal always enjoys. Will watches her out of the side of his eye, and Hannibal chuckles, kissing his forehead and stroking his tousled curls.

"Both of you are so lovely," he says softly, and Will chuckles. "Bedelia thinks you're lovely," he adds, "and isn't she qualified to judge?"

"He's right, you know," Bedelia says.

She's still wearing her skirt and stockings, and shuffles over to prop herself up on the pillows and put both her dainty hands in Will's hair to guide his mouth to her breasts. He makes a tiny noise of surprise at the tug, and a pleased hum as he wraps his lips around one hard pink nipple. Bedelia sighs, cradling his head as he suckles at one side and then the other, pulling Will close and tangling their legs. Hannibal watches them, taken by how beautiful they are together. Both of them moan softly, Will muffled by Bedelia's breasts in his hungry mouth. Hannibal kisses the back of his neck, and then crawls around them to help Bedelia with her skirt and stockings. She giggles when he brings her soaked panties to his nose, and Hannibal smiles at her, mouth hidden by the bunched cloth.

"Delicious as always," he says, and she goes slightly pink. Will is watching them with one blue eye, mouth still latched onto Bedelia's nipple. Hannibal smiles at him, and his flush deepens as he closes his eye again. Hannibal opens the drawer in the nearest end table and fishes out three condoms. "Bedelia, darling, would you like Will to fuck you?"

"I would," she coos, and strokes Will's hair as Hannibal prepares a condom and rolls it onto him, making him shudder.

Consolation II

Bedelia sighs, relaxing to let Will in. He isn't huge, but he is thicker than Hannibal and she enjoys the stretch. He seems so young that it makes her feel positively filthy, in the best way. He makes desperate little noises in his throat, mouth hanging open as he sinks into Bedelia, deep enough to slip into the little cul-de-sac behind her cervix. She lets out a pleased little moan as he settles into place inside her, and Will groans and bites her neck, more like he just needs something to hang on to than something intentional. He starts slowly, but quickly gains speed, panting harshly and rocking her against the mattress.

"Fuck," Will whimpers, and starts to pound into her, the desperate, selfish rhythm of someone on the edge. Bedelia groans and wraps her legs around his hips, trying to pull him even deeper. She's clawing at his back before she knows it, but he likes it about as much as Hannibal does, gazing down at her with wide, stunned eyes and then groaning deep in his chest.

"You like that?" Bedelia purrs, digging her nails in again.

"Fffuuck, yes," Will breathes, and pounds her for the minute more that he can stand. It's a very enjoyable minute, and Bedelia leaves her mark on him. He comes with a long, low moan, and grinds so deep into Bedelia that it aches. She shivers and sighs, hugging him tightly.

"My turn?" Hannibal murmurs, after Will has had a minute to catch his breath.

"Yes," Bedelia says, and Will sighs, sliding out of her and rolling to the side.

He lies limp for a moment, and then pulls off the condom and carefully knots it, throwing it away as Hannibal ranges over her, giving her a little kiss in greeting and then turning his head to give Will a longer one. It's beautiful to watch, and the moment it's over, Hannibal slides into Bedelia. They fit together so easily after all this time, and she sighs and wraps around him in turn. Hannibal immediately picks up the same hard pace, and Bedelia groans, scratching red lines into Hannibal's back. She tips her head back and gasps at the touch of a hand on her throat. It's not squeezing at all, and after a fraction of a second she knows that it's Will, and puts her hand over his, keeping it there before he can lose his nerve. Will's hand trembles a little, but he lets her keep it, propping himself up on his elbow to kiss her open, panting mouth.

"You're both so beautiful," he whispers, as if it's a secret, and Bedelia sighs, guiding Will's hand to squeeze, just a little bit. He trembles, but obeys, watching her face with wide eyes. Bedelia moans, the sound a little compressed, and Will whimpers, biting his lip. He lets go before Bedelia wants him to, but she doesn't want to frighten him.

"Uh, Hannibal?" Will asks.

Hannibal slows enough to speak. "Yes, Will?"

Will bites his lip again, squirming. "...Can I fuck you?"

"Of course, darling boy," Hannibal says, and Bedelia laughs.

Will scrambles to get a condom on and get into position, and Hannibal stills to let him push into him. He hangs over Bedelia with eyes half-closed, purring as Will works his way in. Will whimpers and curses as he presses deep, hiding his face in Hannibal's upper back. Bedelia pets him because she can reach him now, and smiles up at Hannibal. Greedy slut that he is, he loves to be in the middle, and he gives her a lazy smile in return before losing focus and moaning as he lets Will move him. Bedelia just enjoys this for a while, but then takes Hannibal's hand and puts his fingertips on her clit.

He makes the quick little circles that she needs now, and he takes her from one orgasm to another in minutes, moaning as she wails and claws at both of them, leaving her mark. They both follow her in quick succession, Will crying out and Hannibal groaning. After all three of them shake to a stop, Bedelia sighs and slides off of Hannibal so that she can steal his spot, comfortably pressed between him and Will. Hannibal chuckles and lets her, wrapping an arm around her waist and onto Will's. Will buries his face in her hair and lets out a warm, gusty dog-sigh that makes her laugh. She takes his hand, bringing it to her mouth to kiss it and then to lazily suck on his first two fingers. Will shivers, and wraps one leg over her hip. Hannibal purrs, sliding his hand from Will's knee up to grip his ass, kneading gently.

It is a pretty fabulous ass, but for now Bedelia just dozes. A disagreeable gust of cool air lets her know it when Will gets up to rescue his dogs, but she doesn't really wake up again until she hears Will moaning softly. She's nested in blankets, and has a ringside seat for Hannibal fingering Will. He holds Will's back to his chest, one arm across Will's chest to hold him in place as he melts and his hips buck, Hannibal's first three fingers buried inside him. Will clutches at Hannibal's restraining arm with both hands, and he's so beautiful that Bedelia can hardly stand it, his face rapturous and open, eyes closed.

He isn't fully erect, but Bedelia knows that that doesn't always matter. She smiles, crawling out of her nest to kiss Will's chest and then suck one nipple into her mouth, making him whine and arch his back to push himself into the touch. Bedelia hums contentedly, pinching the other side as Will whimpers brokenly, squirming in her grasp and Hannibal's, his cock welling up with slick in long, slow pulses. Bedelia gently bites, and he breathes helpless curses. She reaches down for his dripping cock and coaxes it up from half-mast.

"Oh fuck," Will gasps, "oh fuck that kinda hurts..." Bedelia pauses, and Will swallows hard. "I didn't say stop," he whispers, and Hannibal chuckles, nibbling his ear.

Consolation III

If someone had asked him, Will would have said that he probably couldn't manage to come three times in a night anymore, but here he is, staring down as Bedelia presses her tits together around his cock and works them up and down, so fucking good even though he's sore, and Hannibal's fingers are pressing and rubbing so hard and so fucking good and Will wonders if he'll even recognize it when he comes. He has no control over the noises he's making anymore, harsh, high, wrecked sounds that would embarrass him if he had enough brain space left to be embarrassed.

"I always forget how fun this is," Bedelia says, and Hannibal chuckles, licking and nibbling at Will's ear in that way that always seems to shiver out in shock waves across his whole skin. Bedelia speeds up again, so soft against his sore, sticky flesh, making him groan and finally come. He's sort of surprised he has anything left, but a few droplets splash the hollow of Bedelia's throat.

Will doesn't so much fall asleep after as pass out, but he knows his companions don't begrudge him. He wakes up to find himself stretched out on a towel with Hannibal's arms around him. He feels clean and dry, and he blushes, cuddling closer. Hannibal purrs, rubbing his back, and Will can hear the shower running.

"What time is it?" Will murmurs.

"It's almost two in the morning," Hannibal says, and kisses the top of his head.

"You guys should probably go home and check on the cat," Will mumbles, and Hannibal sighs.

"Perhaps. But I want to wake up beside you and cook you breakfast," Hannibal murmurs, kissing the corner of Will's eye. "You can bring the dogs. They're well-behaved, the yard is large, and Luna has many places to hide, should she feel the need."

"Mm. They do like a good night-mission," Will says, and sits up and stretches. He gets up to put on clean underwear and pack tomorrow's breakfast for the dogs into two reusable grocery bags. The dogs are sleepy, but very, very interested in Will's activities. "Not feeding you yet," he tells them, "but yes, we're going to have an adventure." He feels a bit bad about ditching the smaller animals, but the 'spare cages at their place' stage comes well after keys, and even if she wants to, Luna is probably unable to eat any of the dogs. He can't say the same for Algernon and Sky. Especially Algernon, goofy, friendly creature that he is. He makes sure that everyone has plenty of food and water, thinking again that he really needs to get some conspecific friends for his rat and bird. Ishtar doesn't seem to give a shit about anything, at least.

By the time Will has his household in order, Bedelia is putting on her skirt again, soft, perfect tits back in her French lace bra. Will misses them already. "I suppose you'll need to follow us."

"Yeah. The dogs are why I drive a hatchback."

Bedelia smiles, and rises onto her toes to kiss his cheek. "Don't take too long," she says softly, and pads away in her stocking feet. Hannibal is almost completely dressed again already, and they make their neat and quiet way out of his house. Will takes a moment to feel their absence, and then gathers his few things and leads the dogs outside, all of them ecstatic to get to go.

"Load up," Will tells them, and they jump into the car, mostly not squashing each other. The center seats are pressed flat, so the whole pack can fit, a sea of grins and bright eyes and waving tails. Will makes his way to the Lecter-Du Maurier residence, somehow not surprised to see that the topiary is now a crescent moon. The dogs bound out to investigate the front yard, and then follow Will up the steps. Hannibal opens the door for them, and Luna hops into Bedelia's arms, staring at the dogs. They sniff everyone and everything in their friendly way, and start looking for a good place to go back to sleep. Will leans over the stragglers to kiss Hannibal, and then goes to the kitchen to stash the food.

By the time Will is done, the dogs have decided that the living room rug is the best place to form a pile, and half of them are already asleep again. Will chuckles, and pats them as he makes his way to the stairs. Hannibal is waiting for him at the bottom, and takes his hand, leading him up to the master bedroom, where Bedelia is already in bed, with a silk scarf around her hair, and smiles sleepily at them when they come in. Hannibal and Will each give her a kiss and then putter around brushing their teeth and washing up, the whole scene so weirdly and perfectly domestic that Will doesn't even know how to feel about it. He settles for letting Hannibal tuck him in behind Bedelia and then spoon up behind him, like the three of them belong together.

A small weight on the bed makes Will wonder if he needs to reprimand any of his dogs, but in the same moment he realizes that the weight is too small and that this is Luna, who climbs up and walks across all three them a few times, making sure that she finds the most comfortable possible spot. This turns out to be in the divot between Will's belly and Bedelia's back, and she curls into a purring ball, dropping immediately into sleep.

Will has had more than his fair share of trouble sleeping, but tonight it's easy, pressed safe between Hannibal and Bedelia, with Luna's warm weight and low purring to help him along. He twitches himself awake twice, but each time Hannibal kisses the back of his neck and mumbles something in Lithuanian, and at last Will slides into a deep sleep, full of soothing dreams and inscrutable but benign imagery.

Breakfast Among Lectroids

Hannibal takes his time about waking up, savoring Will's presence in his bed, but at last Luna starts patting at his face with little white paws and making obnoxiously cheerful birdnoises.

"You are not a proper cat," Hannibal informs her. "You are some kind of horrible bird. Don't think I haven't noticed it."

"Myabbbrrrrrriitt-t-t!" Luna replies, and starts patting his face again. He sighs, and sits up. Will cracks one eye open to look up at him, and Hannibal smiles.

"Time to feed the cat, apparently. Coffee?"

"Please," Will slurs, and closes his eye again, nuzzling into Bedelia's hair.

Hannibal gives them each a kiss on the head, Bedelia still deeply asleep, and then bounds down the stairs, cheerfully naked. Abigail was born to decent Midwesterners who always at least put on a robe, and he does his best not to shock her. When she's away, he can revert to old habits. The dogs yawn and wag hopefully at him, and he laughs.

"I don't know if dogs can safely have coffee," he says, "and I'm only feeding the cat." They keep wagging, but don't bother to get up as he gets started, just watching Luna with piteous envy as she devours her breakfast, and then turning their collective gaze back to Hannibal as he assembles a tray with three cups. The smell of coffee is certain to wake Bedelia.

When Hannibal reaches the bedroom again, Will's eyes are open to watch Bedelia sleep. Hannibal remembers being twenty years younger and just as fascinated. Bedelia is so guarded, so neatly put together, that to see her asleep really is an education. The lines on her face are more obvious this way, her mouth has an unlovely slackness, and wisps of hair escape their protective scarf in random directions. Hannibal is glad to see that Will fully appreciates the vision before him, his smile simultaneously amused and tender. He sits up slowly to keep from waking her, and lets Hannibal settle the tray on his lap.

"Thanks," Will says softly, and sips his black coffee while Hannibal adds just a little cream and sugar to his own, settling beside Will and kissing his cheek.

They sit in the morning sun for a long time without saying anything, just watching as steam curls up from their cups into the golden light. At last, Bedelia lets out a little snort, blinks, scrubs at her eyes, and slowly sits up. "Buongiorno, mio caro," Hannibal says, and she smiles, returning the greeting and kissing Will before leaning across him to do the same to Hannibal. He cranes his neck to meet her, since she's so small, and purrs at the touch of her mouth. When she pulls away, he sits up straight and pours for her, adding a lot of cream and no sugar before passing the cup to her.

"Thank you, beloved," she murmurs, and settles in place beside Will before taking her first slow sip.

On a morning like this one, Hannibal must make a beautiful breakfast. He leaves the others to linger over their coffee, puts on an apron for protection, and gets to work. He's just putting cut fruit back into the refrigerator when he hears Will's footsteps on the stairs, and smiles at his incredulous laughter.

"Yet another moment in my life that I never could have predicted," Will says, setting the coffee tray on the counter and then coming up beside Hannibal to kiss his cheek. All the dogs are up now, wagging and grinning. A few of them bounce up and down on their front paws, and Will laughs again, and assures them that yes, breakfast is happening.

"Do you have paper plates?" he asks, and before Abigail, the answer would have been no.

As it is, there are green alien-themed ones leftover from her last birthday. The dogs have no complaints, and devour their meal with wagging tails before Will lets them out into the yard. Luna emerges from under the couch and mews, striding up to Will to demand affection that he is happy to give, scooping her up into his arms and wandering over to watch Hannibal cook, the kitchen window also giving him a clear line of sight on his dogs as they explore.

"I'll try and get all the crap off your lawn after breakfast," Will says, and Hannibal chuckles.

"Thank you, dear."

"...You want any help?"

"I think I have it under control," Hannibal says, "but I'll keep the offer in mind."

By the time Hannibal is plating eggs and Will is letting the dogs in, Bedelia makes her way downstairs, perfectly coiffed and lightly made up, fastening a last couple of buttons on her emerald-green house dress. Will has just pulled on some clean underwear, and Bedelia favors them both with an affectionate leer.

"What a beautiful morning it is," she says, and greets Hannibal with a kiss and a hard slap on the ass. He purrs, as Will laughs, turning away from the door as the dogs find favorable lounging places. "Yes," Bedelia says to Will, leaning around Hannibal to see him,"I'm just being polite, where you're concerned."

He flushes a little, and grins down at his feet. "Aw, shucks," he says, being sarcastic to cover real bashfulness.

"Both of you sit down," Hannibal says, and carries their plates to the table before going back to get the coffee and his own food. He leaves his apron on in case of spills, and takes his usual seat.

"How do you even get food to look like this?" Will asks, surveying his plate with its flower made of fresh fruit, and the artful arrangement of Hannibal's personal variation on Eggs Florentine.

"Natural talent mingled with long practice," Hannibal says.

"Is this prosciutto?" Will asks, cutting a small bite.

"It is," Hannibal says. "I find that it goes better with spinach."

Will nibbles it carefully, but as if he's trying to understand it, not hanging back out of distaste. Hannibal watches him, fascinated.

Good Times With (Practice) Weapons

After a lovely breakfast, Bedelia deems it time to get out the toybox and really discuss things with Will. They have already given him some warning of just how twisted they can get without Abigail's supervision, but it's time to make the situation a little more explicit. She leads Will back up to the bedroom, calling over her shoulder to Hannibal to just run some water into the dishes and follow them.

"Yes, domina," he says, and blows them both a kiss.

Will smiles, and follows Bedelia the rest of the way up the stairs. She smoothed down the covers when she got up, so Will can sit on the edge and watch attentively as Bedelia goes to the closet and stands on tiptoe, barely able to get the box down from the top shelf. Will has already seen the larger box, tucked into a lower corner. If Abigail finds dildos, lube, Hannibal's favorite set of anal beads, and the flogger, the psychological damage will probably be negligible. The smaller box contains the things that she really must never see, the blood gel packs, the black rubber practice knives, and the one real blade in its leather sheath.

Bedelia sits beside Will with the box in her lap, and lifts the lid. Will's eyes widen. "Well, then. I mean, Hannibal did mention stage blood."

"We try to save it for special occasions," Bedelia says, and hefts one of the knives for a moment before passing it hilt-first to Will. He takes it and makes a close visual and tactile inspection of it, running his fingers along the smooth and rounded edge of the blade. "These are what we use the most," she says, and looks up at the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Will does the same, and in a moment Hannibal joins them, completely naked and glowing with cheerful mischief. He kisses Bedelia and then settles on Will's other side, putting an arm around him.

"Are we being alarming, darling boy?" Hannibal asks, soft and solicitous and only a little teasing.

Will laughs, the sound a little cracked. His eyes are fever-bright when he looks up from the practice knife, glancing at Bedelia and then back to Hannibal, his mouth curled in that self-deprecating way of his. "The alarm is generated by my own interest."

"How delightful," Bedelia says, and smiles at the look Will gives her. It's hungry and wary and very wild, and she climbs into his lap to soothe him, wrapping her arms around his neck. Will shudders and holds her, practice knife still on one hand. "It's all right to want to hurt and terrorize me in ways that I want you to, Will," she murmurs, and he laughs weakly, burying his face in her hair.

"How is this my life?" Will mumbles, and Bedelia laughs.

Hannibal leans in and kisses Will's cheek and then his mouth when he turns his head to meet it, sighing softly. Bedelia runs an idle hand up his lean flank, enjoying his familiar texture. She digs her nails in when he shivers, and he purrs into Will's mouth. Will whimpers, and

Bedelia can feel him getting hard under her. He was already part of the way there, and she helps him along, grinding slowly on him. Will curses breathlessly, and then moans when Bedelia shifts to straddle him, her skirt pushed up to mid-thigh, her hands on his shoulders. There's nothing between them but Will's underwear, and he whines, thrusting up against her. Hannibal murmurs in Lithuanian and kisses Will's neck, one hand winding into his hair.

"Hannibal, darling," Bedelia murmurs, "find us a condom?"

"Of course, beloved," Hannibal coos, and digs for one as Bedelia pushes Will's undershirt up kiss and bite his chest.

He's so pretty, all smooth despite his constant stubble. He whines when she latches onto one little pink nipple, and raises his arms so Hannibal can pull the shirt the rest of the way off. Bedelia switches sides and plays with Will a little longer before standing up so help him peel off his boxer briefs. He's still loosely holding the practice knife in one hand, and Bedelia smiles at him.

"Our safeword is 'Florence,' if you wouldn't mind holding that to my throat while you fuck me," she says, and Will groans, his free hand covering his face as his cock twitches.

"Okay," he mumbles, blush spreading from his face to his chest. "Fuck."

Hannibal chuckles, and coaxes Will to move from the blankets to the sheet, which they're already going to have to wash. Will stretches out and shivers as Hannibal rolls the condom onto him and then moans into Hannibal's mouth when he kisses him. Bedelia takes a moment to appreciate the lovely picture they make, and then slides out of her dress. She's already wet from teasing Will and handling the knives, so she drapes her dress over the chair and goes back to the bed, straddling Will again and smiling down at him as she rubs along Will's hard cock without letting him in.

At first Bedelia thinks that Will will just clutch at the knife and let Bedelia drive, and it's not even that much of a disappointment. A few moments in, though, and Will growls, rolling Bedelia onto her back and bringing the rubber blade to her throat, resting it lightly on her pulse like it really does have a cutting edge. She whimpers, wanting to resist a little as Will opens her legs but afraid of putting him off, since they haven't talked about that. She settles for passivity, letting him do it.

Will is stronger than he looks, and soon he's settled between her thighs and pushing in. Even with one hand holding her at practice knifepoint, Will uses the other to carefully spread her lips so that nothing is pinched when he plunges into her. Bedelia is more than ready for him, so it doesn't quite hurt, but the stretch is sudden and wide and makes her cry out. Will moans as he presses as deep into her as he can get, and Bedelia shudders as he trails the tip of the knife down between her breasts.

Feeling So Bad And So Good

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This is far from the first time Will's appetites have made him feel like a beast, but seldom has it been this intense. He's shaking as he pounds Bedelia into the mattress, but somehow his knife hand is steady. Will gropes Bedelia greedily with the other hand, and she and Hannibal both make appreciative noises that help to keep him in the moment, where being a beast is a good thing. Bedelia whimpers and cries out, helpless and sweaty, her carefully arranged hair everywhere. Will loves seeing her like this, cool reserve hopelessly shattered, eyes wide in delighted fear.

Bedelia moans when Hannibal pins her wrists, and Will shudders, incapable of even trying to hold on. He's just using her now, grunting softly with effort, and letting out low cries as she tightens around him, holding on so hard that soon he's sobbing into her hair, grinding into her so roughly that he feels bad when he can think again, but he can't actually say anything, just shaking and whimpering as he struggles to pull himself together. The flat of the practice knife is resting on Bedelia's chest now, and Will still has a loose grip on the hilt. It feels very comfortable in his hand.

"Okay?" Will whispers.

"Yes," Bedelia says, and then moans into Hannibal's mouth as he kisses her, letting go of one wrist to wrap that hand around her throat. She clenches so hard that it hurts, and Will moans, hips giving an automatic thrust forward into that tightness.

"Fffuck," Will hisses, and slowly, carefully withdraws, Bedelia's body clinging to him.

She whimpers softly, and sighs as Will kisses her before shifting to the side. He can tell that Hannibal wants to finish what he started. As Will shakily removes and ties off the condom, setting the practice knife on the mattress beside him Hannibal slides into Bedelia like he belongs there, letting out a long, shuddering sigh. He settles with both hands around her neck, his grip firm but not too scary. Bedelia presses up into it like a cat being stroked. The noise she makes is almost a purr, and Will stretches out beside them to watch her, captivated. He's trailing the tip of the practice knife over her skin again almost before he realizes it, but nobody mentions any Italian cities. Hannibal is murmuring something to Bedelia in a language Will doesn't know, his tone dripping with honeyed menace. Will shudders as he draws a light red line down Bedelia's belly, overwhelmed with their dark and bloody beauty.

"Cut me," Hannibal rumbles, "cut me, too."

For one wild moment Will wants the knife to be real, wants to bring the warm, sticky-slick blood when he drags it down Hannibal's back, harder than he did it to Bedelia. Hannibal groans and grinds even deeper into her, making her wail, the sound a little choked as Hannibal keeps a tight grip on her throat. She turns her head to look at Will with dark, glazed

eyes, and he kisses her, using the point of the practice knife to draw abstract designs on the outside of her thigh where it's wrapped around Hannibal.

"Give her a hand," Hannibal murmurs, and Will reaches between them to rub tiny, rapid circles on Bedelia's clit.

He's a little more confident in how to do this now, and Bedelia cries out in a very encouraging way. Will kisses her neck and Hannibal's hands as he works her faster and just a little harder until she lets out a compressed scream, bucking under Hannibal for a beautiful eternity. Will doesn't stop until she whimpers and squirms away as best she can with Hannibal holding her down. He gives her clit another light circle, strokes the base of Hannibal's cock, and then pulls his hand out of their way. Hannibal glances over at him with a wolfish grin, and then finishes himself off on Bedelia as she claws bloody lines into his back. The urge to taste the tiny droplets is pretty unbearable, but Will just bites Hannibal's shoulder as he groans and shudders, grinding as deep into Bedelia as he can get.

Hannibal lets go of Bedelia's throat and hangs over her for a moment, panting, before he collects himself enough to lean down and cover Bedelia's throat with kisses. She purrs and strokes his hair, languid and glowing, and smiles at Will as he stretches out beside them. He smiles back, but it feels a little unreal, like it might slide off of his face at any moment. Pressure on his palm reminds him that he's still holding the practice knife, and he feels a sudden wave of revulsion that makes him want to fling it away. He doesn't, because it's not his. He sets it beside the pillow and concentrates on not ruining the afterglow, taking a few deep, calming breaths.

"Will?" Hannibal asks, and Bedelia looks over with those beautiful sleepy-drunk eyes, reaching for him with one dainty hand.

Will lets her pull him close, and suddenly he's trembling, pressing against both of them like a scared dog in a thunderstorm, eyes filling with tears. He's not even sure why, and that makes it worse. He tries to apologize but they just hush him and hold him close, shifting so that Will is pressed between them, Bedelia petting him and telling him what a sweet boy he is. Will feels stupid that it helps, but it does. So does Hannibal running a hand up and down his side, pressed up against Will's back and kissing his neck and shoulders as Bedelia speaks.

"Can't believe you're the one comforting me," Will mumbles at last, and she laughs, kissing his forehead.

"This isn't new to me, darling. It is to you.'" She kisses his cheek and then his mouth, the amused light in her eyes banishing some of the darkness. "Being a monster can be much more taxing than surrendering to one," she says, and Will nods, grateful that she lets him hide his face in her chest until he can get his shit together.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter title taken from The Vicodin Song, by Terra Naomi, which is a work of art.

Shirtless Yardwork

Once Will has calmed down, it seems sensible to find some activity that doesn't involve performing deviant sex acts upon one another. First things first, of course, and it's the feeling that he ought to let his dogs out that really gets Will out of bed. There's no one to see him from the back door, but he puts on his undershirt and pulls his trousers on over nothing, soiled underwear balled up and crammed into his back pocket. Hannibal wants to paint him like this, but for the moment he lets him walk out of the room to see to his creatures. As if summoned by the turn of his thoughts, Luna comes prowling in and hops onto the bed. Bedelia chuckles and turns in Hannibal's arms to stroke Luna's tiny head as she purrs loudly.

"Hello, small creature," Bedelia coos, and dotes on the cat in her usual way for a while before asking, "Do you think we should go collect him, Hannibal?"

"In another minute or so, perhaps," he says, and just as he's thinking that they'll need to get up after all, Will reappears.

"I should actually walk them," he says, flopping down beside them and stretching the full length of his body while Luna gives him an offended look, "but I don't have the moral strength today. I blame you. And you," he adds, to Luna, and she forgives him everything and climbs onto his chest to purr at him.

It's a beautiful day and they should walk the pack later, but everyone is so languorous that for now Hannibal settles for finishing the breakfast dishes and making Bellinis, prodding his bedmates up and down the stairs to help him with it. Bedelia peels the peaches in perfect, single strips, and Will runs the blender, pureeing the white flesh and then watching it blush with sunset pink as Hannibal adds just a bit of rosehip syrup.

Out on the patio they arrange the basket chairs to their satisfaction, and sip their drinks in the sun, watching the dogs play. Luna comes to join them, meowing loudly and pawing at the glass door until Will gets up and lets her out, chuckling at the way she make a bee-line for Bedelia, curling up in her lap and watching the dogs with wide eyes, ears pointed forward. Will settles into his seat again, chuckling.

"Kit loves cats," he says, "he might come to visit."

"We'll have to see how Luna handles it," Bedelia says, lovingly stroking the cat's tiny head.

Sure enough, in a moment the big three-legged dog is approaching the porch, his stubby tail wagging. Luna regards him warily, but does not flee, and Kit grins at her, tongue hanging out of his mouth. Bedelia chuckles, and strokes his broad, rust-colored head as he sniffs at the cat, who thrusts her nose forward to sniff him in return. She twitches her whiskers and then purrs, lightly patting at Kit's beaming face with one tiny paw. Kit nuzzles her, and soon she hops down from Bedelia's lap to very gently and carefully play-fight with Kit. Hannibal watches closely for signs of trouble, though if Will trusts the dog, he is probably trustworthy. It all ends quite amicably, with Luna withdrawing to groom herself, and Kit letting her go.

"Kit's really good about small animals," Will says, patting the dog when he approaches. "Aren't you, boy? Aren't you good with small animals?" he coos, and Bedelia chuckles, welcoming the cat back to her lap. "I mean, all of them live with a rat," he adds, speaking to his human companions again, "they know they're supposed to be kind to smaller pets."

Winston comes up to claim a share of Will's attention, and Hannibal smiles. "I need to draw you as a king of beasts," he says, and Will chuckles.

"If you insist," he says, so much at ease that it warms Hannibal's heart.

They linger over their drinks, but at last Will's sense of responsibility kicks in, and he demands a large paper sack and a shovel, and gets to work as soon as they are provided. There's a lot to do and the day is only getting hotter, so halfway through Will pulls his shirt off and ties it the sleeves around his waist. Hannibal makes himself and Bedelia another drink and settles himself comfortably on the porch, appreciating the view. He's not the slightest bit surprised when Bedelia joins him, and smiles sidelong at her.

"Lovely, isn't it?" he asks.

"Absolutely," she says. "What will you do if he offers to mow the lawn?"

"Explode, perhaps," Hannibal admits.

Will's boyish qualities appeal to Hannibal's more corrupt and filthy urges, and he looks remarkably youthful as his dogs make him laugh in the summer sun. Hannibal is still watching him when Bedelia goes back into the house. He's just wondering where she is, since her drink is at his elbow and Bedelia is not at all the type to desert such a thing for long, when she comes out again, carrying a bottle of sunscreen.

Will returns from setting the bag out with the other trash, digging the shovel into the clean earth at the edge of the yard to wipe it off, and Bedelia saunters out to him, too far away for Hannibal to easily hear their conversation, but he can see it well enough. Will grins when Bedelia shows him the bottle, and then blushes and does some of that hard, nervous blinking as Bedelia pours the white lotion onto her hands. He leans into her touch like a loving cat, though, and Hannibal can see him relaxing as Bedelia runs her little hands all over him. When she glances back toward the house, Hannibal raises his glass to her, and she laughs.

Shirtless Yardwork II

It may be obvious, but Bedelia truly enjoys covering Will in sunscreen. The ploy is utterly childish, but this chance to really map Will with her hands is worth far worse. He shivers and shuffles his feet and makes a few self-deprecating remarks that only make Bedelia laugh as the dogs gather around their knees, hoping for attention that Bedelia refuses to give them. She files this insight away for later, that adorable dogs are another part of Will's screen, a collective decoy to allow him to fade into the background.

"You are perfect," she informs him. "At once rangy and delicate, and very pleasant to touch. You are altogether an excellent mix of power and grace."

"And you guys wonder why I think you're putting me on sometimes," Will mutters, and then moans very quietly, closing his eyes as Bedelia reaches up to rub the lotion into his shoulders and the nape of his neck. "I actually tan pretty well," he murmurs, leaning down so she can get his ears, "but thanks."

Bedelia laughs, sliding her hands down to his chest again, and leisurely pinching his nipples as if they're not standing out here in the summer sun where anyone could see them. He can't help a quiet groan, swaying a little forward into her space. He smells musky and clean, with a note of coconut from the lotion, and she wonders how much of her perfume he's getting in return. He's still shy, but doesn't try to get away from her when she pinches his nipples, just biting his lower lip and watching her with half-open eyes, his hands resting on her hips.

Bedelia twists very gently, and it sends a shudder across Will's skin. "Is now the time to tell you about Hannibal's various filthy houseboy, handyman, and groundskeeper fantasies?" she asks, releasing both hard nubs to kiss them, just a chaste touch that barely leaves the faint stains of high-quality lipstick.

Will smiles down at her. "I think we should save that until I've actually mowed your lawn. I try to be a responsible citizen."

"Someone has to," Bedelia agrees, and lets him step away.

Will actually does mow the lawn, for which Hannibal blames Bedelia, even though he has already picked all the first dandelion greens, and watches the performance with a great deal of interest. In fact, he spends almost the entire time hanging over the porch railing in helpless fascination. He only leaves to get his sketchbook, getting back into position with pencil in hand and the air of a naturalist doing his utmost to keep from alarming a rare and gorgeous specimen.

Bedelia makes herself another drink, and settles in to watch Hannibal watch Will and his dogs. Even the sound of the mower is soothing today, sonorous instead of jarring, and the dogs punctuate it with a few barks, gamboling around in the area Will has already cut, staying out of the way like the sensible and well-trained beasts they are. Some of them seem curious about this strange process that Will is engaged in, but they keep a respectful distance from the

blades. Luna doesn't hate the mower the way she hates the vacuum, but she lurks under Bedelia's chair, wanting to be insulated but still a part of things. Bedelia understands.

Will is working from the far fence up to the porch, so he's quite close before Hannibal vanishes into the house again. Once Will has stopped his infernal machine, Luna pads over to the edge of the porch and hops off, tail high as she greets Will and regally introduces herself to the other dogs, Kit looking like he's about to have some kind of seizure in his delight. Will chuckles, and crouches to be level with them and to be sure that everyone is staying friendly.

"Some of 'em don't know what to make of cats," Will says, looking up at Bedelia as he pets two of the dogs at once, Luna purring thunderously as she winds herself around one big pair of front paws, affectionately butting the dog's chest with her head, "but the bigger the gang, the happier they are."

Bedelia chuckles. "In our relative youth we didn't have pets. They make it more difficult to travel."

Will scratches Winston behind the ears, chuckling. "But now that you've settled to raise a kid, you're accumulating creatures?"

"We seem to be," she says, and smiles at the look on his face as he realizes that he's counted in that number along with the cat. The moment gets just a little thicker than she wants it to, and she's glad when Hannibal breaks into it to inform them that there is fresh-squeezed lemonade in the kitchen, for anyone who wants it. Whatever kind of tension Will's face is holding, it breaks in a smile, and Hannibal smiles back.

Will grips the side of the porch and hauls himself up and over the railing with easy grace. Luna follows him, but the dogs have to go around. Will wipes his face with his crumpled shirt and chuckles at the resigned way they flop down in the shade when Luna and the humans leave them outside, the cat leading the way to the kitchen.

Hannibal of course strives to create a Platonic ideal of lemonade, so this is all Meyer, glowing that richer, sweeter yellow instead of the near-green of Eureka. There's a spring of fresh mint suspended in the ice that clinks gently against the glass, and Will chuckles.

"Everything's gotta be fancy with you two."

"This is entirely my own fault," Hannibal says, like the gentleman he is, and pours a glass for each of them. Will downs half of his in a moment, and Bedelia's fingers twitch with the urge to stroke the muscles of his throat.

Shower

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will really does feel like some kid paid to mow the lawn by a pair of gorgeous old perverts, and he chuckles, rolling the cool glass across his forehead. Hannibal and Bedelia are as crisp and fresh as ever, sipping their own glasses of gourmet lemonade as they watch Will like a pair of cats. Will chuckles, and takes another long sip.

"So," he drawls in the sunny silence, "when I really was a high school kid, I charged twenty bucks for a lawn that size."

Hannibal chuckles. "And what is that adjusted for inflation?"

"Dunno," Will says, "I'll have to get back to you. After a shower, maybe, I'm pretty sticky." He chuckles. "I hadn't done that in forever, but it was like riding a bike. I'd forgotten how much I like the smell of cut grass."

"Would you prefer solitude for your shower, or company?" Hannibal purrs, and Will squirms a little in his seat, feeling himself blush.

"I guess we should get it while we can," he murmurs, and Bedelia puts her tiny hand over his.

"Yes, but at the pace you want. If you'd like some nonsexual touch, please just ask. Your emotional well-being matters a lot to us, and we both enjoy holding you."

Will chuckles, and bites his lip for a moment. "Well," he says, running his free hand through his sweaty hair, lacing the fingers of the other with Bedelia's soft, slender ones, "I've always been a horny bastard, and I'm still a little keyed up from you feeling me up with sunscreen and Hannibal watching me that way, but thank you. It means a lot."

Bedelia smiles and kisses his hand. "So, company for your shower?"

"The more the merrier, I guess," he says, because company during his shower *does* sound good.

He can feel himself blushing, but he can also feel a big goofy smile spreading across his face as both of the others follow him. The bathroom attached to their bedroom is palatial, and this way they can neatly put their clothes away the way he knows the others want to. For his part, Will goes on ahead, setting the shower's temperature and dropping his jeans to the floor. He feels more secure under the water, as if he has found some kind of hiding place. He's not positive what he's hiding from, but he relaxes in the warm spray, and only jumps a little when the bathroom door opens.

The shower door is textured glass, and through it he can see the blurred colors of Hannibal and Bedelia. The two abstract silhouettes press together for the length of a kiss, and then

Hannibal is holding the glass door open to let Bedelia slip inside. She rests her hands on Will's hips, leaning into him under the spray as Hannibal joins them, carefully latching the door to keep the humid heat inside. Will can't help a quiet whimper as Bedelia nuzzles the hollow of his throat, and he lets out a little moan as Hannibal wraps his long arms around both of them.

"Nervous?" he murmurs, and Will chuckles, squirming and half-hard already.

"Yeah," he admits. "Dunno why."

"That's all right," Hannibal murmurs, and kisses Will softly, his hands plucking something from the little bathroom caddy that hangs from the shower head.

It turns out to be some kind of loofah-thing, and Hannibal starts actually washing Will's back with it, making gentle, soapy circles as if they do this every day. Between them Bedelia hums contentedly, and gets her teeth on Will's nipple in the same casual way. He flinches and lets out a cracked laugh, cradling the back of her head in one hand and holding her close. She bites and sucks as Hannibal works, pressing her between them. He's dedicated to his task and actually washes Will's ass with no funny business at all, and then shifts his attentions to Bedelia as she switches sides and grips Will's cock in one hand, giving him a long squeeze and a vicious little nip at the same time.

Will just holds on to her and keeps breathing, water sluicing down his body in little rivers that when the others kiss or bite him, Hannibal leaning over Bedelia's head to sink his teeth into Will's shoulder again. Something about the humid heat and bracketing Bedelia like this makes Will needy and helpless and almost weepy, and he drags in huge, ragged breaths of steam as he tries to understand why.

"Will?" Hannibal murmurs, and Bedelia looks up at him, resting her free hand on his pounding heart.

"I just feel so--" he stops, unable put it into words, that they're holding him together, that if they care about all of this, everything between the three of them less than he does, that he might fucking die. That he probably does love them both, already. For the moment he settles for kissing Hannibal roughly and then keeping him close, one hand on the back of his neck, foreheads together as the water beats down on them.

"I hesitate to gauge a man's state of mind by his turgidity," Bedelia says, just audible over the water, and Will lets out a cracked laugh that makes him feel a little more centered.

"I'm okay," he pants, and then moans as Bedelia starts to move again. Hannibal bites Will's lower lip, and gives Bedelia a little hug of farewell as Will shudders and gasps. Just as he's starting to worry about his footing, Hannibal is behind him, chuckling softly.

"Relax, Will," he murmurs, and supports him as his knees give out.

Will shudders and leans into him as he squeezes Will's ass with one hand and opens him up a little, one fingertip pressing at his hole and making him whine. He murmurs something about oil-based lubricant and Will moans his assent. When Hannibal reaches away and comes back

with slicked fingers, Will spreads his legs as much as he feasibly can without disrupting Bedelia's grip and lets out a low, rough moan as Hannibal's first two fingers slide into him like they belong there. He curses helplessly, tipping his head back onto Hannibal's shoulder and clinging to Bedelia. A few seconds spin out into a century, and then Will is coming so hard Hannibal can barely keep him upright, Bedelia watching him with bright, curious eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Bedelia is curious about Hannibal's and her own ability to make Will forget his own name/how to do basic math.

Fellatio And Lemonade

Will is weak and boneless as might be expected after such a strong climax, and Hannibal carefully washes his genitals while Bedelia washes her hands, and then guides him out of the shower, thanking his wife as she switches off the water. Will mumbles thanks as well, and Hannibal chuckles, herding him to the bedroom. Bedelia follows and gives each of them a kiss before going in search of a cooling drink, and Hannibal is touched by her determination to make Will feel as welcome as he is.

For a little while Will just lies there on the bed, recovering. And then he opens one eye to study Hannibal's erection. He's only about half-hard, but he's quite ready to go the rest of the way with Will gazing at him attentively. He's about to ask what Will is thinking when Will speaks.

"I need to suck your cock," he says in a tone of great decision, and Hannibal laughs. "Please, darling. Condoms are in the drawer next to you."

Will shivers, and sits up. He kneels on the mattress, slightly damp and completely beautiful, and digs out a plain condom and the lube. He puts a drop inside, just the way Hannibal likes it, and rolls it onto him slowly in the summer sunlight. Hannibal plants his hands on the bed and leans back just a little, the better to watch Will work, his head in Hannibal's lap. Questions of desire and emotional intimacy have been so much more immediately relevant than questions of history and orientation, but now Hannibal knows one thing for certain: Will has done this before and is very comfortable with it. He hums and moans softly as he swallows Hannibal's cock right down, letting out a pleased little whimper when Hannibal strokes his hair.

Hannibal chuckles, following the motion as Will bobs his head. "Such a good boy," he murmurs, and Will squirms happily, breathing through his nose before taking Hannibal too deep to breathe and holding him there for a long moment. He pulls back just enough and moans softly around Hannibal's cock before dropping down again. He keeps up his soft, muffled moaning, melted across Hannibal's lap. Hannibal keeps petting and praising him, smiling down at him when he pulls off to make sure that the little door-opening noise he hears is just Bedelia.

"Your dogs are melted onto the kitchen floor," she says to Will, shutting the door behind her.

Will pulls off just long enough to gasp, "Good," before taking Hannibal into his mouth again.

Bedelia is balancing a tray on the other hand, with not one but three separate cooling drinks on it. Hannibal's eyes flutter shut as Will gets back to work, and Bedelia comes over to set the tray on the nightstand and to sit beside Hannibal, lifting his arm and settling herself under it. She rests her head on his chest and watches Will as he fucks his mouth on Hannibal's cock. She smiles, and gently tangles her fingers in Will's hair. He just purrs and doesn't miss a beat. Hannibal chuckles and then moans, already close and only helped along by Bedelia's teeth at his nipple.

Will makes a low sound of contentment in his chest, and cups Hannibal's balls in one hand, squeezing and stroking just lightly enough, something Bedelia had needed to be taught. Hannibal groans and comes in another minute or so, pulling Will's hair harder than he means to. Will doesn't seem to mind at all, and smiles shyly up at both of them as he slides off after pulling every last drop into the condom. Hannibal does his best to simultaneously catch his breath and let go of Will's hair.

"Hello," Bedelia drawls.

Will blushes, grinning as his deft hands take care of the condom, pulling it off and knotting it. "Hey."

"Champagne lemonade?" she asks, offering him a glass.

"One of you will have to finish it," Will says. "I've got to get home to the small animals."

"Don't threaten me with a good time," Bedelia purrs, and Will chuckles. He tugs against Hannibal's grip a little and smiles up at him. When Hannibal manages to release him at last, he sits up and pitches the condom into the trash before graciously accepting his drink from Bedelia. He takes a long sip and studies both of them over the rim of the glass.

"I feel like we should be taking care of you, Bedelia," he says, and she laughs.

"You need to get home to your creatures, and I'm sure Hannibal will look after me. Won't you, dearheart?"

"Always," he purrs, leaning over to kiss her cheek and then to turning back to Will to kiss his sweet, filthy mouth. "If you must leave us," he says, "are you sure you're all right?"

Will blushes. "I'm okay. I just got weird about the stuff with the knife because of how much I liked it. As long as Bedelia's okay, I'm okay."

"Still," Hannibal says, brushing a lock of hair off of Will's forehead, "contact us if that changes."

Will promises, and then sits with them in the afternoon quiet to drink half of his champagne and lemonade. When the time comes, Bedelia takes it from his hand and dumps it into her own glass, the movement so professional that it makes him laugh. Hannibal resolves to draw him this way.

It's mournful to let go of their Will, but he does have matters to take care of at home. He accepts the loan of a pair of briefs from Hannibal and a long, lazy goodbye kiss from Bedelia, and shyly invites them to drop by whenever they like. "Just give me a call," he adds. "I'm usually there and I'll tell you if I go fishing, but sometimes I end up helping Beverly out with the kids."

"Of course you do," Bedelia says, looking lovely and amused. Will blushes a little, but smiles more.

Cunnilingus And More Lemonade

Bedelia lounges in the middle of the bed with her full glass, careful to keep condensation and drink off of the sheets. She can hear Hannibal and Will on the stairs, and then in the kitchen. She closes her eyes and listens, seeing Hannibal picking up the used paper plates from the floor and pitching them into the garbage as Will does a quick head count of his dogs. Everyone must be present, and she's sure they're wagging their tails.

She listens to Hannibal and Will's voices if not their words, and to the clicking of canine claws on the tile and then on the hardwood by the front door. The door opens and shuts and Bedelia hopes that Hannibal remembers to keep out of sight, since he still hasn't bothered to put anything on. She takes a long, long sip of her drink and is glad all over again that she and Hannibal have to decided to always give themselves this Monday off whenever possible. She hears Hannibal coming up the stairs and smiles, taking another long pull of her drink as she waits for him. He smiles at her from the doorway a moment later, taking a moment to enjoy the view.

Bedelia slowly and deliberately opens her robe, as suggestive of real striptease as she can manage with only one garment. Hannibal makes a very appreciative audience. He shuts the door and comes prowling up to her, eyes bright as he crawls onto the bed beside her. He nuzzles her neck, resting one hand just above her pubic hair and sliding it slowly up. He has written poetry about the sleek smoothness of her skin, but now he just bites gently and squeezes her breast, her hard nipple pressing into the center of his palm.

"Did Will leave in good spirits?" Bedelia murmurs.

Hannibal chuckles. "I kissed him goodbye like this," he says, and kisses Bedelia long and sweet and slow. "He seemed to enjoy it very much," he murmurs, and Bedelia smiles, kissing him again.

"Good," she says, her own desire rising up like fire from coals. She presses a little at Hannibal's shoulders, and he grins.

"Time to pay it forward?" he purrs.

"Please," Bedelia says, and shudders as Hannibal starts to kiss his way down.

He takes a lot of detours, always teasing, but he does at long last settle between her legs, sighing deeply as he nuzzles into her pubic hair. He spends a long, long moment just smelling her, his hot breath making her shiver, but finally parts her lips and deliberately breathes over her clit before giving it a little kiss of greeting. He sighs, and laps at her gathering wetness, suckling gently on each inner lip in turn as he settles into position. Bedelia groans, loud because there's no need to hold it back. She props herself up on her elbows and picks up her drink again, taking a long, cooling pull as Hannibal licks his way into her.

Bedelia loves the combined buzz of alcohol and of Hannibal's talented mouth on her clit. He rolls it gently with the tip of his tongue, and Bedelia has to pause to keep from inhaling liquid

as she moans. By this point Hannibal knows exactly what to do with her, and it becomes a challenge to finish her drink. She manages in the end, because she always does, and can sprawl back on the pillows, about three quarters drunk and far closer than that to coming. She reaches down and tugs at Hannibal's hair the way he likes it, and he moans quietly. She gently digs her nails into his scalp and then forgets to be gentle as he sends her over the edge. She cries out as loud as she wants, such a rare luxury these days, and Hannibal moans happily, licking and suckling until she pushes him away at last. He rests his head on her thigh, making a purring noise of utter contentment as she strokes his hair.

By the time they manage to get up, shower, get dressed and take care of the usual household chores, it's time to start cooking dinner. It's a comforting ritual even in Abigail's absence. Bedelia helps with all the little things their daughter usually would, and Hannibal makes something extremely grown-up, full of ingredients that Abigail's immature palate cannot properly appreciate. She may well still dislike some of them when she's older, but she will surely acquire a few as she grows.

All through dinner they talk about Abigail and about Will, and after dinner they call them both. Abigail first, of course, since she's their precious baby and so far from home. Cellphones are allowed at Greenwater for emergency contact and in their capacity as address book replacements, but they tend to be held in the office, to be sure that no one can send mean text messages or show their fellow campers frightening images, so the usual procedure is to call the office itself, and have someone go fetch the desired party.

In their initial tour of the place, Bedelia had been rather taken with the camp phone. It's an old landline made of chipped green plastic, about two generations off of being rotary. Now a chipper young woman says that it will just be a minute and puts them on hold. The hold music at Greenwater is classic rock, and Bedelia doesn't mind the short wait before Abigail picks up the phone.

"Hi, Mom!" she chirps, and Bedelia smiles. Abigail tells her all about her first day of camp this year, and the fun things she and Morgan have already done. Apparently this year cabin number seven is going to have a UFO for its sign, with space cats. When Bedelia passes the phone to Hannibal, he seems rather taken with the idea, and has a lot of good color suggestions. They both make sure to express their great affection for Abigail, and then let her go, since there's going to be singing around the fire.

Fortunately, when they call him, Will is about as calm and happy. He claims to be tying flies and watching the dogs sleep, and admits to having nothing whatsoever planned for tomorrow. He is more than amenable to the idea of an extended visit from the Lecter-Du Mauriers, and Hannibal is practically glowing by the time he hangs up.

Everyone Loves A Picnic I

Will comes suddenly and sharply awake on Tuesday morning, and at first he isn't sure why. He listens to the stillness of his house, to the soft breathing of his dogs, to Sky's morning song and to the rustling leaves outside his window. Hannibal and Bedelia are coming to visit today. They have promised him not to arrive before eleven, and it's only about half-past nine now. He can do this. Will leaps up and starts a pot of coffee, feeding the dogs while it brews and looking around the house. It's not as if they don't know how shabby the place is, but Will feels like he should make an effort.

There's no need to go over the grouting with a toothbrush or anything, but Will does get his laundry a bit more under control, makes a few passes with a lint roller before giving it up as hopeless, and then takes the dogs for a walk, reminding himself again and again that there's no need to get all sweaty and weird when there's still at least an hour to go. The dogs are mostly too happy to be outside to pick up on Will's nerves, but Winston sticks close to him, and Will chuckles, stroking his neck.

"It's all right, Winston. It's a good nervous."

Winston just smiles up at him, and wags his tail. Will smiles back, and feels a little better as he jogs back to the house. It looks reasonably nice when he opens the door, and it smells a little bit like cedar, which should work just fine. It's probably that little dresser sachet Margot gave him about a thousand years ago. He takes a few deep breaths, willing himself to be calm. And then his phone notifies him that he has a text from Hannibal.

Good morning, Will. Are you ready for us, or shall we have another cup of coffee?

Will snorts, because he'll never be ready for them, and because who actually uses 'shall'? Especially in a text.

i'm pretty much ready, but go ahead and have that coffee if you want, i don't have to be anywhere He sends it and then immediate feels like it sounds incredibly hostile. Communicating by text always throws Will off, but he hasn't got the balls to call today. Well, to call them. He can call Beverly just fine.

"Will? I thought you were seeing the Lectroids today."

"I am, I'm just nervous. They're coming here, to my actual house." He's sitting cross-legged on the floor, with Buster in his lap, and has one of those sudden flashes where he's just sure that Beverly is wearing an enormous sweatshirt with the collar cut off over panties, sitting in her little breakfast nook in the golden, late-morning sun and having probably her second cup of coffee. This kind of thing always feels intrusive, but he can't help it.

"Didn't Hannibal do that after Christmas?" Beverly asks, and then, "Actually, didn't you fuck them there on Valentine's?" and Will feels a lot less bad about his weird intuitive vision-things.

"Yeah," he says, still petting Buster, "but those were spur-of-the-moment!"

"You are such a maniac, my god. Look, if they dump you for not living up to their Martha Stewart by way of Morticia Adams schtick, they're not worth keeping, and I'm pretty sure they won't."

"Ugh, when you put it like that it's ridiculous, and yet, here I am."

"Just remind yourself that you actually want to see them and will almost certainly get laid."

"Maybe tell me about your little cousins or something for a while?"

"One of these days I'll turn Granny loose on you, and then where would you be?"

"I wouldn't dare hang up on her, so I don't know," Will says, and then listens as Beverly gives him the family newsletter. It helps when he's nervous, each tiny cousin and nibling concrete proof that life does go on. By the time the call is over, Hannibal has sent him another text, letting him know that he can have all the time he needs, but that he and Bedelia are done with their coffee.

come on over Will sends back, and sits there feeling awkward until the dogs start nuzzling him for affection, licking his face and making him laugh. He barely has time to get the slobber and hair off before Hannibal's car pulls up. Will watches him get out, open Bedelia's door, and then pull an honest-to-god picnic basket out of the back seat. He hangs it over his arm, and offers the other to Bedelia. In her usual heels she'd need the support on the turf, but she's wearing tight jeans, boots, and a fitted work shirt made of what's probably real chamois, to go with the almost certainly real turquoise at her throat. It's fucking with his head. Hannibal's own casual attire is almost normal next to Bedelia. Will would have expected to be pleased not to be under-dressed for once, but it doesn't really help.

At least both of them are calm enough for everybody. Bedelia greets him with a kiss, and then takes the basket and passes in and on to the kitchen to allow Hannibal to do the same.

"Uh, hi," Will says, blushing, and Hannibal smiles..

"Good morning, darling. Your beauty intoxicates me."

"What the fuck am I supposed to do with that?" Will asks, more plaintive than flippant, and Hannibal chuckles, leaning in again to nibble his ear.

"Nothing is required, sweet boy." He straightens up again, and follows his wife. Will follows him, still dazed. "We have brought both lunch and entertainment options."

Bedelia sets the picnic basket on the counter, and pulls two DVD cases out of one side. "We have *The Pillow Book*," she says, "and a documentary on African wild dogs."

Will snaps out of his daze and pours ice water for everyone, since it's hot out and they probably brought wine, which clashes with all of Will's booze, anyway. They take them graciously of course, and settle on the couch, patting the dogs and letting him know that *The Pillow Book* contains naked Ewan MacGregor, although he does get killed.

Everyone Loves A Picnic II

Hannibal really is fond of Will's house. It's cozy and warm in the winter, and is like a cool, pleasant cave now. He sips his water and watches Will make his decision. In the end naked Ewan MacGregor wins out, but that's not immediately important, anyway. They're not going to waste a beautiful day inside, and Will is in complete support of this idea. He even volunteers to carry the picnic basket and not to peek.

"I wouldn't tell you what we've brought for eight thousand krona, or however much it is in the original."

"The original what?"

"Pippi Longstocking, an indispensable read if one has a daughter. I'll be happy to procure a copy for Morgan."

Will laughs, putting a baseball cap over his curls. "Translated from the Swedish?"

"Precisely, and a very good translation, too," Hannibal says, leading the way outdoors.

The sun is very bright now, and he and Bedelia pause to put on sunglasses. Will wanders ahead of them with the dogs, asking the pack if they know what's in the basket, if their huge noses have already figured it out. He keeps the pace very slow, and they soon catch up, walking hand in hand because it's pleasant. Will glances over his shoulder at them, and smiles.

"The property is pretty small," Will says, "but there are a few spots that would be good for a picnic. Would you guys prefer a big flat rock by the sorta-stream, a clearing in the woods, or just somewhere on the meadow?"

"I will defer to Bedelia on that point," Hannibal says, gently squeezing her hand.

She squeezes back. "If it's to be lady's choice, a flat rock sounds pleasingly table-like, as long as the water doesn't draw too many bugs."

"It may just be a trickle right now," Will says, "but the trickle is moving, it's not a mosquito hatchery."

With that information, Bedelia decides in favor of the place. Will tells them all about the effect of the seasons on his little piece of nature as they walk, and there's something so serene about him out here under the sun. Hannibal feels a deep and ridiculous urge to draw Will as Saint Francis, and files that thought away for later.

The area by the stream bed is cool and shady, and there really is only a trickle of water running along the stones. The boulder beside it forms a perfect natural table, and Will is even glad to go off and play with the dogs until Hannibal has everything properly presented. Hannibal's usual love of surprises comes into play on picnics, and not even Bedelia is certain

of what they're having. He demands that they both look away, and Bedelia sits on one edge of the stone with her back to him, watching Will playing with the dogs.

Once Hannibal is sure of being able to safely present everything, he does. Vegetable sushi, cold grilled duck, roasted edamame, homemade lemonade and a bottle of good champagne, honeyed cucumbers, and individual Bavarian strawberry creams resting in the ice for dessert. There's also a bag of roasted duck and chicken scraps, to keep the dogs from feeling left out, but it makes no part of Hannibal's careful presentation. He's glad that the others are so patient with him, and calls them back as soon as he can. Bedelia just needs to turn and look, but Will has to lead the pack back to the rock, and wash his hands with a little bottled water before he can really appreciate everything.

"I knew you would bring something incredible," he says, settling on one side of the rock, "but I'm not sure what I was expecting."

Hannibal chuckles, setting an individual foil tart pan of soy sauce on Will's paper plate. Bedelia may have talked him out of real flatware, but they are not using Abigail's leftover alien plates. These are plain blue with a silver rim, and really quite dignified, for what they are. Will smiles, and watches as Hannibal carefully serves him a little bit of everything.

"I believe that anything worth doing is worth doing right," Hannibal says, and assembles Bedelia's plate while she expertly opens the champagne.

"Will?" she asks, holding the bottle out.

He shrugs, and offers his plastic cup. "Sure," he says, "why not?"

"You can always top off with lemonade," Hannibal says, setting Bedelia's plate down and making up his own. Will chuckles, and Bedelia leaves him with a short glass, so he has room to do just that. She gives herself and Hannibal full glasses of champagne. With everything in order, Hannibal can really appreciate the loveliness of this secluded spot, and how very well it suits their purpose. Sunny and breezy in a way that keeps the mosquitoes off and the temperature just right, to say nothing of the natural table and the soothing sound of the barely-there creek.

The dogs are as well-behaved as ever, and while they sit and watch with curiosity and hope, they do it a solid six feet away, and in silence.

As always, it is a joy to watch Will eat. He studies each morsel, not out of suspicion but out of fascination. He handles his vegetable rolls with a casual elegance that gives Hannibal a brief and intensely tactile flash of sucking on those long, sensitive fingers. When he can finally tear his gaze away, Bedelia is smirking at him over the rim of her cup.

"So, is this honey on these cucumbers?" Will asks, gently prodding them with his real fork, since silverware is so much harder to break.

"It is," Bedelia says. "It's one of Hannibal's cultural foods."

"It's cute how they're star-shaped," Will says, and Hannibal feels so pleased that's it's embarrassing.

"I started doing that because Abigail said it was pretty. I find it very refreshing on a warm day like this."

"Well, cucumbers are kinda like apples..." Will murmurs, and then takes one green-white star onto his fork, bringing it to that sweet, hard mouth. His pink tongue flicks out to catch an errant drop of honey, and it's all Hannibal can do not to moan.

Everyone Loves A Picnic III

Bedelia has always liked to watch, and Hannibal and Will are engaged in some truly compelling eye-fucking. Hannibal can't bear to look away from Will as he eats, and Will squirms and blushes under the attention but doesn't say anything. The sun beats down hotter, and Will starts unbuttoning his flannel shirt. Just one at a time between appreciative bites of Hannibal's food. Due to the way the rock is shaped and the way they're settled around it, Bedelia has the perfect angle to surreptitiously slip her hand between her husband's thighs, not in the least surprised to find him half-hard. She gives him an affectionate squeeze that makes him flinch and bite his lip, and then returns to her plate. Delicious as her companions are, they will keep, while these wonderful strips of perfectly seasoned duck won't.

By the time they're done with their delicious lunch, they have found out all kinds of things that they really should have already known about Will. Bedelia has always felt bad about their cramped and desperate schedule, always either at some school function, or desperately making up for all that lost touch, fucking their poor boy senseless. Now they sit in the sun and listen to the tiny trickle of what Will assures them is a real stream in early spring and again in autumn. They bask in the warmth of the stones, and Will and Bedelia both eventually remove their shirts.

Bedelia is pleased to see that her black French lace is not at all wasted on Will, who takes the whole picture in with shy glances rather than the kind of gawping that makes younger men so frequently worthless. Even Hannibal makes a concession to the heat and to their continuing seduction and rolls his sleeves up and undoes half his buttons. The muscles in Hannibal's forearms really are beautiful, and his chest hair gleams dark gold and silver in the sun. Bedelia can tell that Will wants very much to touch it.

But now they have time, so they can talk instead, at last learning what kinds of music Will enjoys. It's nice to find out that all the classical one is exposed to in Hannibal's orbit doesn't bother him, even if he primarily favors medium to hard rock, and old Motown hits as well as the modern acts that succeed in imitating that sound. He likes dogs because their needs are simple and they are both loyal and very bad liars. He trails off for a moment after that, and Bedelia is proud of Hannibal for waiting for him.

"Also, I'm... I've kind of got of a condition. But it's not contagious, and the dogs make it easier."

"Despite our honorless profession," Hannibal says, "we will not judge you for any mental illnesses you may have."

Will chuckles, and Bedelia leans in against his side, insinuating herself in under his arm and looking up at him. "You're our sweet boy," she tells him, very seriously. She's more than a little buzzed by now, but she knows what she's saying, and she means every word. Will seems to sense that, leaning down to kiss her forehead and then nuzzle into her hair for a long moment. His sweet little pink nipple is close enough to tantalize, but she refrains in the interest of serious talk.

Will straightens up again and sighs, gazing up at the sky. "I have some kind of empathy disorder," he says, and Bedelia blinks in surprise. Will is very empathetic. Much more than most people, and that makes her realize.

"Is it the kind where you have too much?" she asks, and Will nods. Hannibal is clearing the table, but Bedelia can tell that he's listening intently.

Will nods. "Nobody's sure just what it is, but it's there. It makes me an asshole sometimes, because I'll get overloaded and have to shut down. Dogs are a big help. Their feelings are very simple, and they're usually happy."

"People with nothing like your condition love them for the same reasons," Hannibal says. "I can only imagine what a relief they are for you."

Will smiles, beautiful and shy and delectable. "I've always loved dogs. Animals in general, but Dad likes dogs best."

This turns the conversation to Will's family history. He was raised by a single father, an itinerant boat mechanic. There wasn't much money and Will was always the new kid in school, but he has seen so many beautiful things all over the United States. The deep green of the Florida Keys, sunrise over the Gulf of Mexico, the Great Lakes, and all the jewels of the California coast. More than that, he loves his father. Bedelia is pleased to find that this near-orphan adores his only relative.

"Dad's pretty strange," Will admits, "but he's a good guy. If he had been born a bit later they might've given him an autism diagnosis of some kind. He's got some sensory stuff going on and never really liked hugs, but he was always good to me. He pretty much never talks, though. When I was in preschool, they thought I couldn't or wouldn't talk. Because I can feel what other people are feeling so well, there wasn't any need to talk at home beyond a few attention-getting noises."

Bedelia smiles at the thought, and pours herself more champagne, working on a lovely, light, afternoon sort of inebriation. She tops off with lemonade this time, and takes care to sip it very slowly. "I bet you were an adorable child," she says softly, and Will snorts, rolling his eyes a little.

"I don't know about that, but there are a few pictures back at the house. It'll take some digging to get to them, but when I find them, I'll let you see. I was skinny, with big eyes and completely uncontrolled hair."

"Charming," Hannibal purrs, and Will laughs.

"Maybe so. I was small for my age until puberty, when I mostly caught up. Probably comes from being a preemie."

"So that's why a young American is so beautifully uncircumcised," Bedelia says, and Will blushes.

"I was glad you guys didn't mind, but not surprised, Hannibal being the same and all."

"I was overjoyed to discover your foreskin, Will," Hannibal informs him, and Will laughs, and then glances up as a cloud passes over the sun.

"Since we've all eaten, would you two like to go back to the house in case it rains?" Will asks, pulling his shirt back on as a much cooler breeze comes in.

"Not only that," Hannibal says, "but I feel inclined to show my love for your foreskin now, and I prefer to do such things in a real bed."

Will blushes a deep pink at that, and picks up the basket, already neatly re-packed by Hannibal. The only component not put away is the blanket, and Bedelia wraps it around her shoulders like a cloak, the shirt under it still open.

Disclosure

Even in the guilty consciousness of chickening out on mentioning half of his *two* very real mental conditions, Will is happy to carry the lighter basket back to the house, the dogs frisking and leaping around him. Apparently there's a bag of scraps, and when they reach their destination, Will pulls it out, confirms its purpose with Hannibal, and starts feeding the dogs delicious little treats as Bedelia neatly folds the blanket before casually sliding out of her shirt. Hannibal helps her remove it, and carefully hangs it up on two of the coat-hooks, to keep the stretch even.

Bedelia sprawls out on the bed and watches them both, and Will feels his throat knotting up. He sets the basket on the kitchen counter and stares at it for a long moment. Hannibal bustles around, helping Bedelia out of her skin-tight jeans, and everything is fine but he only fucking told them half of it. It isn't even that big a deal. Just a health advisory. He takes a deep breath, and turns around.

For a moment Will forgets to say anything, because Bedelia is lounging on the bed in nothing but black lace, and Hannibal is draped over her in nothing at all. "Will, darling," Hannibal says, "is this about something you need to tell us?"

"Two conditions," Will mutters, and they both just smile.

"If the second one isn't contagious either," Hannibal says, "come and join us."

Will obeys, stretching out behind Hannibal and putting an arm around him, still fully clothed. "You know how I feel about scandalizing the dogs," he mutters, and Hannibal chuckles.

"Then their presence is all the better for disclosure," he says, tucking Will's hand up under his chin.

"Really, I just got sidetracked last time," Will says. "I wouldn't keep it from you."

"Is this about the headaches?" Bedelia drawls, and Will can't help a flinch of surprise. "Abigail relayed your daughter's concern," she adds, and Will groans.

"I fucking hate that she worries about me," he mutters into Hannibal's hair.

"They can't help it," Hannibal says, patting his hand. "And Abigail presented it as a caution rather than a consuming anxiety. I feel that her mothers have made the limits on a growing child's duties clear to Morgan. She saw others coming to care for you, and wanted them to have relevant information."

Will's only answer is to groan again. Skin-peeling embarrassment is better than gnawing guilt, though, so he couldn't truthfully claim to be unhappy. "I'm glad you know the basics," he says at last, face still hidden, "but how far does that go?"

And of course they looked it up, based on an eight-year-old's description, and arrived at a medically accurate portrait of Will's condition. He can't help laughing as they sum it up, and Hannibal turns in his arms, cupping his face and kissing him.

"You are precious to us already, Will," he says softly, and kisses him again. "How could we not learn as much as possible about you?"

"Fuck," Will mutters, and hides his face again, in the crook of Hannibal's neck this time.

They both laugh at him, but in a kind way, and when Will leaps out of bed, it's only to lead the pack upstairs to Morgan's room, their comfortable, air-conditioned prison. He pulls his shirt off as he comes back down the stairs and tosses it aside to be retrieved later, and hears Bedelia's low laughter and the gentle rattling of Hannibal trying to find condoms and lube.

"Bottom drawer of whatever that thing by the bed is," Will tells him sitting on the edge of the bed to pull off his socks as Bedelia curls up in the center of the mattress like a cat, watching him with a smile that makes him feel stupid and lucky.

"I think it is a nightstand, Will," Hannibal says, retrieving the required items, "just an unusually shaped one."

Will snorts, and lies down to work his way out of his jeans as the others kiss and quietly confer together. For every time their bond makes him feel insecure, there's a time like this, where it wraps him up in warmth aged like wine. He kicks his jeans off, boxer briefs fluttering from the waistband as they drop to the floor, and rolls to press himself against Bedelia as she murmurs something to Hannibal in Italian, one tiny hand casually sliding back over Will's hip to give his ass an affectionate squeeze.

"Will, darling," she murmurs, turning to him,"how do you feel about making one half of a double penetration?"

It takes Will a moment to find his voice, but he whispers, "Pretty fucking fantastic," as soon as he can, and Bedelia smiles, stretching up to kiss him. She runs her fingers through his hair and tugs. Not very gently, and the feeling sort of sizzles down his spine and leaves him feeling pliant and safe, like the warmth of the day has reached his bones. Bedelia chuckles, kissing him again and then lazily biting at his jaw and down his neck, shifting onto her side and cuddling in against his chest. She raises one leg to give Hannibal access, and he slides one big hand between them, leaning over her head to kiss Will now that everyone is close enough.

"I'm just leaving this up to you guys, okay?" Will whispers against his lips, and Hannibal chuckles.

"A very sound decision," he murmurs, and Bedelia sighs, latching onto one nipple and sucking. Will shudders, and winds a hand into her hair, not pulling, just holding her there. She groans as Hannibal's hand shifts, and gently bites Will with her small, sharp teeth, making him shudder and whine.

Pressure

Hannibal always enjoys this. The easy slide into Bedelia's cunt is its own delight, but he likes carefully fingering her open, as gentle as he has to be with Will. He doesn't need nearly as much lube, of course, her own slick dripping down to where his fingers are working her open. She presses down onto them and keeps biting Will, pulling soft, wounded little noises out of him. Hannibal wants to bite him, but he can't reach and bites Bedelia instead, the skin of her shoulder as silky as ever. He holds on, growling softly as he pushes deeper, making Bedelia shudder and gasp. He glances up to see Will watches him with wide eyes, and he smiles, keeping their gazes locked as he slowly, slowly works the head of his cock into Bedelia.

Bedelia growls softly, opening up and sinking back onto Hannibal's cock, her little hands braced on Will's chest. She moves slowly and inevitably, and Hannibal just breathes, holding still and letting her dictate everything. At last she has him as deep as he can get, groaning quietly and melting back against his chest. The whole time, Will watches them with wide blue eyes, ribs heaving with his quiet breath. Bedelia chuckles, and it's a little ripple of pressure around Hannibal that makes him growl softly, grinding into Bedelia, keeping himself as deep as possible. She shudders and gasps, then pulls Will down into a long, slow kiss that makes him moan softly.

"Ready, Will?" she purrs, and he nods.

His pupils are blown, and his hands shake as he takes a condom from Hannibal and rolls it onto his cock. Bedelia tugs his head down to nuzzle his ear and then to whisper that she's so tight now, so tight with Hannibal's cock stretching her out. She has a filthy mouth when she wants to, and is very descriptive between nibbling and licking and lipping the sensitive edge of Will's ear. He leans into the touch and her little hands help his fumbling ones to get the condom on. She gives Will an affectionate little squeeze that makes him whimper, murmuring to him about how she wants to be stuffed completely now, for him to cram his thick cock into whatever space is left. Her words make Hannibal try to grind just a little deeper, and Will looks helpless as Bedelia grips him and lines him up against her soaking cunt.

"Please," Will whimpers, and Bedelia purrs, pressing nipping little kisses to his chest and tugging at his hips until he starts to move on his own. He grips the back of her thigh and starts pushing in, lower lip caught in his teeth.

Hannibal can feel Will's strength working against the pressure. Bedelia is small, there's just barely enough room inside her for this. She shudders between them, panting softly as she fights to let Will in. Everything is painfully tight for a moment and then there's a massive press and slide and Will lets out a high, wounded little noise as he fits his hips against Bedelia's at last. She groans, completely melted between them, and then bites at Will's heartbeat, hanging on as he withdraws just enough to thrust back in. He makes a high, preyish noise and then makes it again, breathless, shattered sounds that match his desperate

and automatic rhythm as he starts rock back and forth inside Bedelia. Each thrust strokes both of them at once, a sensation that Hannibal hasn't felt in a long time.

He had forgotten just how much he enjoys this particular configuration of three people, and reaches across to knot a hand into Will's hair and pull, which just makes him louder. He makes those wild, half-pained noises with every thrust, stroking Hannibal's cock as he buries himself as deep into Bedelia as he can. Hannibal moans, still barely moving, just buried deep inside Bedelia, feeling her and feeling Will together. There's so much strength in Will's skinny frame, wound so tight and so rarely unleashed. Now he's rocking the bed, fucking Bedelia deep and hard in a beautiful frenzy.

Hannibal keeps a grip on Will's hair and slides his other hand between him and Bedelia to roll one fingertip over and over her slick, hard clit as she pulls Will to her breasts, turning his cries into muffled mewling. He nuzzles and sucks, hips still automatically grinding into Bedelia as she gasps and shakes her way through the kind of long, hard climax that Hannibal is always delighted to help her to. Her body clenches on both of them, unbearably tight, and Will cries out again and comes deep inside her. Of course Hannibal has no choice but to join them.

The three of them lie there for a long moment, just catching their breath. The first person to speak is Will, and it's a fretful question to Bedelia as he carefully, *carefully* slides out of her. She giggles, and kisses the tip of his nose.

“I'm sore, Will,” she says, “but that's part of the whole point.” She purrs as he feels around both of her holes with gentle fingertips, and Hannibal growls lazily at the incidental touches to his spent cock before Bedelia's body finishes pushing it out.

“Fuck,” Will breathes.

“A very good one, too,” Hannibal says, and Will groans in exasperation while Bedelia giggles again. She can only truthfully be said to do so at times like this, and Hannibal cherishes each occasion.

“You're terrible,” Will mutters, hugging Bedelia as she snuggles into his chest. Hannibal just laughs, and buries his face in her hair, breathing in the scent of the three of them together.

Calligraphy

Half-asleep in Will's arms, Bedelia reflects on how long it has been since she has taken two cocks, particularly in the configuration she just did. It's almost as tiring as it is satisfying, and she purrs, wriggling contentedly against Will. Behind her, Hannibal chuckles and kisses the top of her head, the nape of her neck, and her shoulders. His touch is soothing and delicate, so endlessly familiar. Hannibal has meant home for so long now, and Bedelia is swept with a wave of love for him.

She makes a small noise of complaint when he gets up, and Will chuckles, rubbing her back as Hannibal goes upstairs. They can barely hear him cooing to the dogs in Lithuanian as he lets them out of their guest room prison, and then all of them come trotting down the stairs together. Hannibal stops by the bed to give each of his human companions a kiss, and then takes the dogs out for a while, Will mumbling something about a short path that the pack likes.

Bedelia floats down into a dream about gathering wildflowers for a three-way chess game with a serpent and a satyr, and comes back to drowsy mostly-wakefulness with an amused smile on her face, because that one is no challenge to interpret. Hannibal is inside again, and he's listening to Will's account of a recent fishing trip as he stirs ice in something made of glass. Bedelia lies still, and puts together a sound-portrait of the scene: Will is sitting on the edge of the bed, his hand resting near Bedelia's face, and Hannibal is approaching them with a pitcher of what could be ice water or lemonade. He sets the pitcher down on the nightstand and the mattress dips with his weight as he sits beside Will. A moment later he's lacing his fingers into her hair to rub gentle circles on her scalp.

"I know you're awake, darling," he murmurs, and Bedelia grumbles at him before turning her head to press a kiss to the center of his palm. "Sweetest girl, I'm sure you don't want to miss the movie."

"I suppose not," Bedelia says, and sits up, stretching her arms over her head and doing her best not to laugh at the way Will watches her breasts. When she brings her hands down, she puts one on the back of Will's head and hauls him in. He squawks faintly in surprise, and then hums, sucking her nipple into his mouth, long eyelashes dark against his cheek. She smiles down at him, and then glances over at Hannibal, chuckling to see him carefully pouring three glasses of lemonade. "Always so thoughtful," she says, and Hannibal smiles.

"I do my best, carissima," he says, and Bedelia shivers as Will moans and pulls her nipple further into his mouth. She lets out a breathless laugh, and grips Will's hair with both hands.

"I'll have you know," she says, "there will be a quiz after the film."

Will pulls off with a little wet noise to whine, "but it's summerrr!" making them both laugh.

"All right," Bedelia murmurs, shivering and biting her lip as Will latches on again. "I guess Hannibal can translate the Japanese for you." Will's only reply are some happy little noises in

his throat and a gentle rooting movement of his face. Hannibal chuckles, and leans over his head to kiss Bedelia before pulling away to cue up the DVD.

The Pillow Book is one of Bedelia's favorite films, and the Heian text is one of Hannibal's favorite books, so when Will finally does look up, leaving her nipples hard and tingling, Hannibal can catch him up on the story so far. Will is of course impatient with all the Romeo and Juliet shenanigans, but also can't deny the film's beauty, and when it's over and Hannibal has his usual urge to adorn people with his fine Japanese calligraphy, he is more than happy to cooperate. Will of course does not have the proper ink and brushes on hand, but Hannibal is very creative, and soon the dogs are imprisoned again and Will is stretched out on his belly, trying not to squirm as Hannibal carefully brushes chocolate syrup onto his back, forming the characters for 'beauty,' 'wounded,' and 'teacher,' among others.

Hannibal has to thin the syrup a little as he goes, but the marks are slick and nearly black. After some initial shifting and giggling, Will melts into the mattress under the touch of his brush. By the time Hannibal has covered half of the available area, Will is making low, quiet, canine sounds of pleasure. Bedelia smiles, running her fingers through his hair and giving it, every so often, a gentle tug. Will shivers and then yelps, his eyes huge as Hannibal bites the right cheek of his ass.

"Sometimes he's completely overcome," Bedelia says softly, petting Will as Hannibal bites him again. This time Will just makes a little quavery noise and melts into the mattress. Hannibal really is overcome sometimes, and the joy he takes in getting his teeth on a nice ass is lovely to observe.

"Darling," Hannibal murmurs, looking up after a few long moments of leaving pretty pink marks on Will, "I need a barrier."

As Bedelia finds her purse and its cache of condoms, lubricant, and dental dams, Hannibal crawls up to murmur into Will's ear, carefully ranging over him to keep from smearing the chocolate kanji all over his back. She can't hear how Hannibal makes his proposition, but she can hear Will's ragged, emphatic, "fuck yes." She smiles, and settles in next to them with one of the small lube packets and a dental dam. Hannibal kisses her in profound gratitude, and then gets Will's hole slicked and covered, tenderly spreading him. He settles between Will's legs with the happy sigh of a man who is exactly where he belongs.

Satyr

Will has already noticed that of the Lecter-Du Mauriers, Bedelia is the more tolerant of cheap chocolate, and now she's making quick work of Hannibal's calligraphy. Will kind of wanted to see it, but Hannibal has promised to write on him again sometime, with proper ink. For now, both of them are devouring him, Bedelia licking and sucking and nibbling all over his back, and Hannibal lapping his way into Will's ass, gentle and insistent. It's almost too much to take, and Will writhes between them, breathing fast and loud. His heart is pounding and every inch of his skin is hot. It feels like his jaw is locked open, helpless to make real words or even most directed sounds. He howls when the edges of Hannibal's teeth kiss his hole for just a moment, back arching and hands clutching uselessly at the sheets, whimpering as Hannibal presses his advantage, working deeper and deeper.

"Ah—ah *fuck*!" Will gasps, and he sounds desperate in his own ears, high and wild and almost tearful.

Bedelia takes his hand and he clings to her, making vague attempts at words that are completely derailed when Hannibal slips two fingers under the dental dam, pushing them deep into Will with one smooth and inevitable movement. Will makes a sound he doesn't have a name for as Bedelia slowly sinks her teeth into the spot where the nape of his neck becomes his left shoulder. Being bitten there always makes him melt, and now is no exception. Bedelia chuckles against his skin and digs her nails into the same place on the opposite side, the pain becoming something else at it shivers its away across his skin. Just as she does it again, Hannibal's fingers start fucking Will harder and he shifts just a little, cock dragging against the sheet and then he's gone. He shudders and pants for a long time, his sides heaving as Hannibal carefully fucks him through it.

Will feels wrung out and dazed, and can't quite stop shaking. He can't even find his voice to say anything about it, but Hannibal stretches out on one side of him and Bedelia takes the other, pressing Will between them as he keeps shivering. Hannibal strokes Will's hair with his clean hand and speaks softly to him in what Will dimly recognizes as Lithuanian. He lets Hannibal's voice wash over him, sliding into a state he has only seen a few times in his adult life.

"Fuck, sorry," Will mumbles when he comes back up to words again, and they just laugh.

"It's all right, Will," Hannibal murmurs, rubbing slow circles on Will's back. "May I fuck your thighs?"

"If I have the strength to hold them together, sure," Will whispers, and tries to do just that, long muscles trembling.

Hannibal chuckles, his strong hands gripping Will's legs and pressing them together as he pushes his slick cock between them. Will whimpers and lets him, feeling like he can't move. This is before Bedelia gently tugs his hair to make him look up at her, a fresh dental dam in her other hand. Will shivers and takes it from her, doing his fumbling best to unwrap it

quickly. She helps him with that, and to place it, sighing as she watches him settle into position to eat her out. She strokes his hair and he sighs, kissing the perfect, humid skin of her thigh.

"Wish I could taste you," he murmurs, lowering his head to just nuzzle her through the thin latex.

Bedelia is as soft and as fragrant as ever, and Will sighs, running the point of his tongue over and over her clit in the complicated patterns that she loves so much. It feels like home, now, being caught between these two gorgeous and impossible creatures. Hannibal's cock slides against Will's balls and makes him moan, and the vibrations make Bedelia shudder.

"We would trust you to taste me," Bedelia murmurs, gently tugging and stroking Will's hair, gasping and shuddering as he makes her lose her train of thought. "All three of us can get a complete blood workup," she whispers. "If we're all clear, you can taste me as m-much as you want."

Will moans and redoubles his efforts, shaking as Hannibal speeds up. "You'd like that," Hannibal purrs, "wouldn't you, Will?"

"Yes," Will gasps, and then Hannibal is coming, sharp teeth holding onto Will's shoulder as his hips buck, his growls muffled in Will's flesh.

They can't help a moment of stillness after that, but soon Bedelia is making a small, desperate sound and tugging at Will's hair again. He gets back to work, melting into her as Hannibal shifts off of him. He misses the weight and the warmth, but he understands Hannibal's impulse to cradle Bedelia in his arms, gently kneading her breasts as Will licks his way into her. She lets out a soft cry with each breath, and digs her heels into Will's back, tensing and relaxing as he drives her higher and higher. When Bedelia comes he can feel it under his tongue, hard, steady contractions that go on and on. He stays on her until she goes quiet and pulls him back by the hair, and then rolls onto his side, catching his breath and cursing himself for being mostly hard again. It's a little painful, but that's no real deterrent, and he grips himself automatically, hissing and biting his lip.

Bedelia chuckles, still resting in Hannibal's arms, and reaches out with one foot to stop Will's hand. "Hannibal, darling?" she murmurs, and Hannibal takes her purse off of the nightstand, handing her a condom. She beckons Will up and just rolls it onto him, because he's more than wet enough already. Will shivers and slides into Bedelia as easy as breathing. She murmurs into his ear that he is not expected to last, and then just holds him for the frantic minute or two it takes, chuckling and stroking his hair when he shudders and finally goes still.

"Better?" she coos, and Will can only make a formless but heartfelt noise in reply.

Unique Date Ideas

Few things are more pleasant than cooking for loved ones, and Hannibal hums as he moves around Will's kitchen, delighted by his own dawning familiarity with it. There are enough vegetables for a good salad, and even though it makes the kitchen far too hot, Hannibal bakes flatbread of his own rather than use Will's bag of store brand white bread. Since he's already broken the cold meal barrier, he goes and gently prods Will, dozing with his head on Bedelia's chest.

"Mrmnn?" Will asks, and Bedelia giggles, running her fingers through his hair while he struggles to wake up enough for conversation.

"Will, darling, may I fry some of the fresh trout in your refrigerator?"

"S'meone oughta do it," Will slurs, and closes his eyes again. Hannibal takes this permission and carefully prepares the fish with flour, a wash of egg, and only then breading, very pleased to find a box of panko in Will's cupboard.

By the time the meal is mostly ready, Bedelia is sitting up and brushing her hair, and Will is shuffling to the bathroom, and by the time Hannibal has it on the table they're both making their way toward their plates with real interest. The dogs look hopeful, but wait politely and don't beg beyond a few soulful looks that their master callously ignores, as usual.

Over this late lunch, Hannibal and Bedelia let Will know that they were serious about getting rid of barriers if he has nothing for them to catch. "We will of course check for the reverse as well," Hannibal adds, and the look on Will's face makes him want to find whoever acted like getting their own blood test was somehow demeaning and break their arm. He settles for taking Will's hand and squeezing it gently. "We care a great deal about your health, Will," he adds, and Will actually blushes slightly, almost too adorable to bear.

When Hannibal suggests going to get it done as a group at the lab that's so near Aubergine, Will yelps and nearly chokes on his food, sounding somewhere between amused and horrified. "Seriously?" he asks after he manages to swallow, "like a date?"

"It is an errand that encompasses the three of us," Hannibal says, patting Will's hand, "but there's no need to do anything you're not comfortable with."

Will sighs. "I'm not comfortable with a lot of things," he says, but gives Hannibal a crooked little smile, turning his hand over and giving Hannibal's a friendly squeeze.

After dinner Will insists on washing the dishes. Not to be completely left out of the housekeeping, Bedelia dries them, the picture of domesticity. Once everything is in order, they take the dogs out to keep them from feeling neglected, the happy pack running through the summer afternoon ahead of them as they walk one of Will's various paths hand-in-hand-in-hand. They keep Will in the middle, bracketing him in as close as they can without throwing off his stride. Hannibal can feel the lack of some of Will's habitual humming

tension, and he treasures it. Will laces their fingers together, and Hannibal squeezes it gently. Bedelia catches his eye over Will's head, and smiles.

"...I'm glad you're here," Will mutters as they pass into the shadow of the trees. He's staring at the ground but obviously speaking to both of them.

"We're glad to be here," Bedelia murmurs.

"It is a rare privilege," Will says, with a little self-deprecating chuckle. "Careful, there are some roots coming up on your side."

"I have a feeling you could do this blindfolded," Bedelia says, and Hannibal wonders if they could run the experiment.

"Maybe so," Will says, helping Bedelia over the gnarled roots. Hannibal takes his hand again the second it's free, and they walk in silence for a while, the sun just lowering toward the long summer evening, all rich gold and dramatic angles.

"You know we do feel truly privileged to be here," Hannibal murmurs at last, "don't you, Will?"

"...Maybe," Will mumbles, barely audible.

As he raises Will's hand to his lips, Hannibal glimpses Bedelia doing the same thing on the other side and almost laughs. Will wouldn't take it the right way, though, so he keeps quiet, just smiling against Will's skin. Will trembles, tightening his grip on both of them before letting go so he can pull Bedelia into his arms and shift them both into Hannibal's embrace. Holding Will and resting his face in those dark curls, Hannibal realizes that he loves him, and is not at all surprised. He wonders if saying it would ease Will's trembling, or terrify him.

They let Will be the one to decide to let go and walk on, and there's no real need to say anything as they loop back toward the house. If they didn't have to work tomorrow and to check on the cat sooner rather than later, Hannibal would let this whole visit roll over into dinner and then see about spending the night, but as it is they have to kiss Will goodbye on the porch and hope that he feels as loved and valued as he is.

On the way home Bedelia gets a text from Will, and smiles, curled up in the passenger seat, stocking feed tucked up like a cat's. "He has decided that an STI test date isn't too weird after all," she says, looking as amused and fond as Hannibal feels..

"Let him know that it can be tomorrow if he likes," Hannibal says.

"It can?"

"Remember? Sutcliffe owes me a favor." It's an obligation of long standing, and now Hannibal is very glad that he saved it for something important.

Bedelia chuckles and relays the message. The second they get home, Hannibal calls Sutcliffe and explains the situation as Bedelia lavishes their poor neglected Luna with affection. Luna

makes horrible birdnoises and pats Bedelia's face. When Hannibal mentions that the cat is being absolutely precious, Sutcliffe is appalled at how domestic he has become in his old age.

STI Testing And A Nice French Lunch

Tuesday's schedule is a little complicated, but entirely worth it. At least it's summer, when Hannibal takes earlier appointments and they both have fewer. There aren't as many people panicking over school in summer, the weather is much less depressing, and it contains none of the holidays that enforce the most family togetherness. In most families it's much easier to get out of a Fourth of July barbeque than Christmas dinner, and it all translates into better mental health for their clientele, and the ability to take long lunches.

Will is waiting for her when she pulls into the clinic's parking lot, sitting on the hood of his car and unintentionally cosplaying James Dean. Bedelia is very glad that it's too hot out for Will to cover his tight white t-shirt with a flannel one. She parks in the empty space next to him, and gets out, smiling at him.

"Is it all right to take fully-clothed candids of you?" she asks, and Will blinks at her.

"I guess so," he says.

"I wanted to show Hannibal how you looked before you saw me. There was a kind of elegance to it."

"You think?" Will asks, running a hand through his hair in an entirely unconscious pose. It's adorable.

"Yes," Bedelia says, and stands on tiptoe to kiss his cheek. "I'd join you, but this is linen," she adds, and Will chuckles.

"It's a nice suit," he says, "and it's true the only blanket I have is covered in dog hair."

"Thank you for the thought," she says, and settles down in her own driver's seat again, touching up her lipstick.

"I should've known you'd get here before Hannibal," Will says, glancing at the sun to check the time in a country-boy way that makes Bedelia feel an echo of Hannibal's woodsman fetish.

"He is a bit of a primadonna," Bedelia murmurs, "but you know he strives to be punctual."

On cue, Hannibal pulls into the space on the other side of Will, looking harassed. He steps out of the car with a hurried apology about his twelve o'clock running over, and Will chuckles.

"That's what you get for being responsible and conscientious," he says, and Hannibal kisses his cheek in greeting and then nips at his jaw, making him flinch and blush.

Hannibal chuckles, nuzzling him a little and then walking around the car to lean down and bestow a similar caress on Bedelia. She turns her head to kiss him on the mouth and then

rises, smoothing down her skirt. Will hops down and brushes the dust off his jeans, falling into step with them. He isn't comfortable holding their hands on the way across the parking lot, but he walks close beside them. Inside he stays quiet, reading an old National Geographic while they wait. He's definitely tense, but it feels like their presence is part of the solution rather than the problem. Hannibal talks quietly about psychological theory until the nurse arrives.

"Ladies first," Hannibal murmurs, and Bedelia can't help a little snort of amusement. She tells Hannibal to take good care of their darling boy, but has the decency to do so in Italian.

The phlebotomy tech is an adorable boy with a gentle touch and big, dark eyes, and Bedelia watches him as he slides the needle in, wondering what Will and Hannibal will make of him. They each take their turn, Hannibal looking amused and Will in grim silence. Neither takes long, and soon the three of them can walk over to Aubergine, Will tucked between them, shoulders hunched and hands jammed in his pockets.

"Will, darling," Hannibal murmurs, "we would never take you to a clinic or a restaurant where the management or the staff would judge you."

Will laughs, his whole body loosening a little. "I guess not."

"Did anyone say anything?" Bedelia asks, just to be sure.

Will shakes his head. "Nah, I'm just projecting. Hell, I think the tech was happy for us." He snorts. "I was just trying not to get a boner, so it's hard to say."

"He really is lovely, isn't he?" Hannibal says. "So deft and assured at such a young age." They've reached the door of Aubergine, and Hannibal holds it open for them, Will letting Bedelia precede him with that unschooled courtesy that makes him so adorable.

There are many good places in this city, but Aubergine holds a special place in Bedelia's heart. Not only is it an intimate little jewel box of a place with excellent food, but it's one of the first places they had taken Abigail after moving here. She had been more nervous then, and Aubergine has a soothing atmosphere and very understanding staff. Now she can see it having its effect on Will, as he relaxes a little in the dim lighting and the comfort of their table, tucked into one of the many little nooks that make almost every table here essentially private.

"Did the name come first," Will asks, once they've been left alone with water and menus, "or did they upholster everything in purple and then realize they ought to make it a theme?"

"The name came first," Hannibal says, "then the purple."

They spend most of their selection time advising and informing Will, since Hannibal is addicted to the summer truffle trompetti and Bedelia always gets the salade nicoise on hot days. Will naturally needs more time to think about it, and proves to have some knowledge of French cuisine from a few formative years spent in Louisiana, even if he is more familiar with ratatouille as an animated character than a dish. It's a bit heavy for the weather, but Aubergine's version is quite good, loaded with the restaurant's namesake vegetable.

"I guess you guys can take it home if I don't like it," Will says, and Hannibal smiles.

"We can," he says, "though we would insist on getting you something you did like."

Will grumbles and squirms a little, and when Bedelia asks if he'd like to bring the dogs over and spend the night, he blushes, and nods.

Cages And Keys

Will lavishes attention on the small animals out of guilt before abandoning them, and he comes slinking up the Lecter-Du Maurier front steps feeling like a neglectful father. Worse, one who plays favorites, since he has the whole happy, wagging pack is at his heels. They sit nicely while he rings the bell, feeling like a fool but not wanting to creep in on Hannibal and Bedelia when they haven't discussed it. Then again, maybe they might say they had already discussed it with Will and he's being weird and this is the story of his life and he should be used to it.

Bedelia opens the door and smiles up at him before turning it on the pack and cooing for them to come in, such good dogs to wait to be invited. She glances up at Will again and takes his hand, drawing him after them. For a moment he wonders who's watching this, and then decides that he doesn't care. After all, Hannibal's car is here, it looks like the honest assignation that it is. Bedelia leads him through the house and out onto the back porch, because it's the kind of hot night to sit out and watch the moon and drink. As might be expected, Hannibal is prepared, pouring something from a shaker into three chilled glasses. At first Will isn't sure what he's supposed to do about there only being two chairs and he isn't sure if the flash of kneeling between them makes him more horny or angry, and then Bedelia sits on Hannibal's lap and solves the whole thing.

Will takes the other chair, and accepts his glass. It's hard to see what it is in the dark, and he has to swallow the cool, fiery citrus taste around a slight constriction in his throat because there aren't many people he trusts this much. "Whiskey sours?" he says when he can trust himself to speak. "You don't have to accommodate me."

"Yes," Hannibal says with a small smile, "but what if I want to?"

"I guess I can't complain," Will says. The dogs flop around their feet, grinning in the moonlight, and Will smiles slightly. "They can't either." He thinks of the small animals again and makes himself speak. "I was wondering..." he says, more quietly than he means to, "is there enough space here for spare cages for the small animals?"

"I don't see why not," Bedelia murmurs, and Hannibal nods, looking around her shoulder at Will.

"You know, we have been wondering how you would feel about being offered a key, and now seems a good time to ask."

And it's all so fucking easy, the way they invite him deeper and deeper into their lives. A large portion of Will wants to leap up and run, and he breathes and does his best to calm it. The others wait for him, patient as stones. "...I'd like that," he says at last, and Bedelia hands her glass to Hannibal, coming to settle onto Will's lap instead. She sits sideways, so it's easy for her to steal a sip of Will's drink and then kiss him, soft and whiskey-sweet. He sighs into her mouth, shuddering a little, and he can feel her smile.

"Intimacy is terrifying," she murmurs against his lips, "but rewarding." She kisses him again, and Will whines softly, embarrassed to be rock hard already when they were supposed to have drinks like civilized people.

Bedelia just lets out a soft, delighted laugh, and grinds on him a little. Will can feel Hannibal's gaze on them and he feels feverish, trapped in his own skin. Bedelia bites his neck and he can feel himself blushing at the sound he makes. He keeps expecting to get used to this kind of thing, but he never is. It's like being a goddamn teenager again, and that was bad enough the first time. Bedelia feeds him the rest of his drink, and halfway through it Hannibal gets up to stand behind the chair and put gentle hands on Will's shoulders and then his throat, just feeling his quickening pulse.

Will bites back a sound that wants to be much louder. "I think," he says, his voice husky and strange in his own ears, "that we had better go inside."

"Before the neighbors find out what we're doing?" Hannibal murmurs, and Will snorts.

"They know, I just don't want them to have details," he says, and then sucks in a giant breath as Bedelia insinuates her little hands into his shirt and then slides her impossibly soft palms up his chest, just brushing his hard nipples before moving down again, resting on his hip bones as she leans forward to kiss Hannibal over Will's shoulder.

"I suppose you're right," Bedelia murmurs into Will's ear, soft lips just brushing against it and making him shudder.

Hannibal carries the glasses into the house, and Will carries Bedelia, who lets out a soft laugh in his arms, lightly kicking her tiny feet. Will kisses the top of her head and gets her safely through the doorway. For now the dogs elect to stay on the porch, soaking up the moonlight. Will admonishes them to be good, and sets Bedelia down on the carpet inside, shutting the door behind them. She smiles up at him, taking his hand and leading him upstairs. Hannibal is arranging their drinks on the nightstand, and he abandons the project to kiss Will breathless, fingers knotted into his hair to hold him in place.

Will whimpers into his mouth and shivers to feel Bedelia's hands between them, unbuttoning Hannibal's shirt. Hannibal stops kissing Will just long enough to haul Will's t-shirt over his head. He tosses it onto the chair and kisses Will again, before pushing him down onto his back on the bed. He follows, and pins Will, holding his hands to the mattress as he gazes down at him. Will rotates his wrists a little, not even attempting to struggle. He just wants to feel Hannibal's grip, and the way it doesn't give.

Every Good Boy Deserves Chains I

Hannibal sighs, covering the big pulse in Will's neck with kisses, keeping him pinned to the mattress as Bedelia slips out of her dress.

"Will, darling," Hannibal murmurs, "may we tie you up and fuck you?"

Will chuckles, even though he's already flushed with arousal, eyes fever-bright. "Sure. I just say 'Florence' if I want you to stop, right?"

"Right," Hannibal says, and Will smiles up at him. "Okay."

"Bedelia?"

"Taking care of it, beloved!" she calls from the closet, where they keep the good restraints. They're real leather cuffs, with a soft lining and quality chain. They can be intimidating, but Hannibal has a feeling Will won't mind.

Will actually licks his lips at the sight of the cuffs and then flushes a deeper pink. He closes his eyes and takes deep breaths as Bedelia replaces Hannibal's grip with the cuffs, binding Will's hands to the headboard. Hannibal sighs, sliding his hands up Will's restrained arms, really appreciating every inch of wiry muscle.

"We have two cuffs left," Hannibal says. "May we put you in four-point, or is this enough?" Will looks up at him with such wide eyes that for a moment Hannibal is sure that he will say that cuffing his ankles is too much. Then he shivers, bites his lip, and nods, and Hannibal realizes that he had mistaken the ratio of lust to trepidation in that look.

"Y-yeah," Will says,"go ahead."

He whimpers quietly and raises his hips to help as Hannibal takes his pants off, and he's so hard already. Hannibal carefully cups his cock in one hand to shield it as he pulls Will's underwear off. There's a damp patch on them that Hannibal longs to taste, and he curses himself for not getting the bloodwork sooner. He settles for taking a deep breath of the scent, and Will moans, looking embarrassed at the low, quiet sound.

"You really are beautiful," Bedelia tells him, stretching out beside them to kiss Will senseless.

She has figured out exactly how to touch Will's responsive mouth, pulling him around by his hair as he melts and makes hungry little noises into her kisses, grabbing onto his chains. Hannibal can see little flashes of Bedelia's pink tongue as she makes Will shudder and whine. He lets out a truly cracked and helpless noise when she sits up, but then goes quiet as he watches her unhook her bra. Hannibal chuckles, leaning over to kiss her. He cups her breasts in his hands and gently kneads them for a while, shuddering and sighing as Bedelia turns her expertise on him. He can feel Will watching them, and he can hear how heavy Will's breathing is getting. Bedelia shudders and leans into Hannibal's hands, moaning softly into

his mouth, one dainty hand slipping into her panties. The noise Will makes is utterly desperate, and Bedelia chuckles as she strokes herself.

"Perhaps we should get on with it before Will explodes," Hannibal murmurs, and he can feel her smile on his lips.

"We should," Bedelia says, wriggling out of her panties and getting two condoms and the lube out of the nightstand.

Tense as Will usually is, they have clearly made some progress. When Hannibal rubs him with two slick fingers he starts to relax right away. Hannibal doesn't press his advantage yet, just making slow circles on Will's hole as Will pants and squirms. Bedelia settles in along his side again and bites one nipple, making him jump and shake and then groan as she latches on and sucks, gentle and insistent.

"Fuck," Will gasps, "fuck, I might come just from this..." he doesn't sound anxious about displeasing them so much as missing his chance to come while buried as deep in Bedelia as he can get, and Hannibal can understand that.

"Bedelia, dearest," he says, and she releases Will, who looks relieved and disappointed at the same time.

Bedelia kisses Will's cheek and snuggles in close, murmuring into his ear. Whatever she's saying between little licks and gentle bites, it's helping Will to open up, and soon Hannibal has him stretched just enough. He puts a drop of lube inside the condom and rolls it on, slicking the outside. He puts a little bit more lube onto Will as well, and then lines up against him and pushes gently, slowly sinking into Will's body. There's enough slack in the chains to make it easy to pulls his hips up into the best angle, and Will lets out a cry that makes Hannibal afraid for a moment that they've miscalculated. Will shakes all over and struggles to wrap his legs around Hannibal's waist, panting harshly as Hannibal gets as deep as he can and then stays there.

"Ohh..." Will breathes, "oh god, Hannibal..."

Hannibal shudders, and holds still for a long, long moment, and then holds still some more so that Bedelia can prepare the other condom and roll it down Will's rock hard length. Just that touch makes him mewl, and Bedelia kisses him in a way that's almost chaste, just breathing with him for another tiny eternity, her hand over his heart.

"Please," Will whimpers as Bedelia straddles him, and then keens as she just grinds along him once before guiding his tip to her soaking slit.

Hannibal sighs, kissing the back of her neck and then sitting back so that she can rise up to get angle right, finally taking Will up to that last inch or two she can't comfortably fit. Will certainly isn't complaining. He's moaning as fast he can draw breath, and when Hannibal starts to move again, he wails. He struggles against the cuffs and only seems closer to coming at each fresh proof that he really can't get free.

"You're going to stay where we put you," Hannibal growls, fucking him deep and slow, "like a good boy."

"Yes!" Will sobs, grinding up into Bedelia so hard she makes a little mewling noise of her own, trembling, "Your good boy," he whimpers, and bites his lip again, somehow still not too far gone to be shy. It makes Hannibal want to eat him alive.

He settles for pressing Bedelia between them, pulling Will up into kissing range by his hair, something that makes him yelp in pain and then moan as Hannibal forces his tongue into Will's mouth, fucking it along Will's tongue and rubbing the roof his mouth. He pulls back enough to bite at Will's lower lip and Will moans, gazing up into Hannibal's eyes with pupils so wide that the black has almost swallowed the blue. He looks wrecked, and Hannibal purrs, forced to pull back because Bedelia has been squashed for long enough, and needs room to move.

Bedelia takes full advantage of her freedom, fucking Will deep and fast, pushing her dainty fingers into his mouth. Hannibal can tell from the rhythm of her breathing that she's mercilessly squeezing Will. It's hard to be sure if it's that or her stream of praise for their good boy that takes Will over the edge, bucking and shaking between them, a long, muffled wail jarred out of him on Hannibal's cock.

Every Good Boy Deserves Chains II

Bedelia smiles down at Will, warm all over and still full of him as he slowly softens. She clenches on him again and he lets out a helpless little 'ah' noise, somewhere between pleasure and pain. She chuckles, and carefully slides off of him, dealing with the condom before cuddling up to his bony flank to kiss him. He hisses and shivers as Hannibal slowly slides out of him, and looks at Bedelia with with those wide, blue eyes that make him seem so filthily young.

"Good boy," she murmurs again, and Will whimpers.

Hannibal chuckles, and throws away his condom. He fetches a dental dam for Bedelia without even being asked, and Will shakes all over as Bedelia straddles his face. He may not have Hannibal's experience, but he has more than enough enthusiasm to make up for it, as well as a naturally delicate touch that Bedelia has always appreciated. She tells him so as she gently rides his face, rocking her hips in tiny little increments, stroking his hair and giving it little tugs because he loves that. She can hear Hannibal moving behind her, and looks over her shoulder to see him slicking his fingers again and rubbing at Will's stretched hole, she rises up and holds the dam against herself when she feels Will trying to speak.

"Fuck me," he begs, a little slurred, "fuck me, I can take it."

"Are you sure, sweet boy?" Hannibal croons. "I don't want you trying too hard to be obliging." He pushes his fingers in as he speaks, and Will flinches and moans, the chains clinking as he tries to draw his knees up to spread even wider.

"Please," Will gasps, "please, sir, please use me--" he cuts himself off with a squeak as Hannibal adds a third finger, twisting his hand to open Will up even more.

"Since you ask so nicely," Hannibal purrs, and puts on a fresh condom before sinking into Will again, making him let out a long, quavering cry.

Bedelia stays poised over Will until he can get some control over his mouth again, and then lowers herself to muffle his soft, fucked-out moans. He's weak and trembling under her, but keeps that delicate tongue moving. When Bedelia comes it starts slow, and then gets a lot faster when she yanks on Will's hair and grinds down onto his mouth. He laps at her like he needs it, making formless sobbing noises as Hannibal starts to speed up. The way Hannibal is rocking Will's entire body against the mattress adds an effect sort of like vibration, and it's enough roll Bedelia right through one orgasm and into a second, something that doesn't happen very often. She pants and groans, the long muscles in her thighs quivering for a long time.

She can barely get off of Will without kneeing him in the face, and she's shaky enough to be very glad to lie down beside him. She rests her head on his chest to catch her breath, watching Hannibal as he starts to really pound Will. Will was soft when this started, but now he's more than half hard. He groans when Bedelia puts her mouth on the nearer of his pretty pink nipples, and as she sucks and bites this side and delicately pinches the other he starts to

let out these high-pitched little cries with each breath, getting visibly harder. When Bedelia gently grips his cock he mewls, twitching in her hand and hardening a little more. There's nothing lazy about it at all now, and Hannibal chuckles breathlessly. He leans down to kiss Will's slack, useless mouth as he grinds as deep inside him as he can get.

They come within a breath of each other, Will letting out a stricken cry as he shoots all over his belly with no one touching his cock, and Hannibal groaning deep in his chest, hips automatically driving deep and fast. He shudders and goes still at last, sliding out of Will and resting his head on his chest, making that deep purring noise that Bedelia has always loved.

"Fuck..." Will whimpers, and he sounds like he's on the verge of tears. Looking more closely, Bedelia can see that there's no verge about it, Will's eyes welling up. He's shaking, clutching at his chains again, and Hannibal looks up.

"Will, dearest, do you want us to untie you?"

"N-no," Will whispers, and sighs when Bedelia kisses his cheek.

His trembling eases a little, and once Hannibal has the condom disposed of, he stretches out on Will's other side. They press Will between them, covering him in soft kisses and praise, and he shudders and weeps quietly, relaxing in their arms. It's no real surprise for Will to be like this, with all the tension he habitually holds and as guarded as he is, but it's still a little shocking to see.

"Okay,' Will says at last, "I should probably blow my nose and wash my face."

"Probably," Hannibal says. "We don't have to untie you for that, if you'd still rather not."

Will squirms a little, blushing deeply, and Bedelia sits up and gets a wad of tissues from the nightstand, holding it to his nose. "Blow," she tells him, and he does. Hannibal chuckles, and kisses Will before getting up, promising to come back with towels and hot water. Bedelia wipes Will up well enough to keep the mess off the sheets, and then pulls the blanket up over them. It's a warm night, but they're cooling off rapidly in the post-coital stillness. Bedelia rests her head over Will's heart, and closes her eyes for a while, the two of them just breathing together as they listen to Hannibal rattling around and singing what's probably a passage from La Boheme to himself.

"Comfortable, darling?" she murmurs.

"Yes," he whispers, and she can hear the honorific he's not using. Interesting. She makes a note of it for later and then is emphatically reminded why she married Hannibal when he brings them water and a fresh shaker of whiskey sours. She feeds Will his drink between sips of her own while Hannibal hauls in the cleaning supplies and tenderly washes and dries both of them.

Both Hugs And Drugs

It takes Will a long time even to register embarrassment again. Until then he's nothing but emotion and reaction and a desperate need to be held. Once he does remember to be embarrassed, it's not as if he lets go of Bedelia or pulls away from Hannibal. He just hides his face in Bedelia's hair and takes a few deep breaths, trying to get a handle on the little whimpering noises he can't stop making. This shit is why he tries not to go so deep, not to let anyone peel too many of his psychic defenses back. No matter how incredible the fucking always ends up being.

Hannibal makes a gentle shushing noise, as if he can hear Will's thoughts, and kisses the nape of his neck. "It's all right to be our good boy," he murmurs, and Will shudders all over, letting out a high, sharp whine that he can hardly believe. Of course Hannibal just makes a low, purring noise and kisses Will on the cheek, murmuring into his ear about how beautiful he is and how sweetly obedient he has been. Bedelia kisses the hollow of his throat and whispers praise of her own as Will struggles back down to baseline. Or at least in that general direction.

"Better?" Bedelia murmurs at last, and Will chuckles.

"I guess, yeah." He still feels pretty weird, but at least now he *can* laugh. Everything has stopped being so deadly serious, and soon Hannibal has him half-propped on the pillows, with a glass of water and a tablet running videos of rescued wolf-dog puppies tussling with each other at a sanctuary. Obvious pandering usually annoys Will, but he'll let this one slide. He can hear his own dogs clicking around downstairs, and resolves to visit them as soon as he can bring himself to get up and do things in the cold, lonely world.

"Are the cute animals helping?" Bedelia asks, and Will snorts.

"Yes," he grumbles, and Bedelia smiles, resting her head on his shoulder. Onscreen, the puppies argue over a bone with tiny and thereby adorable growls.

"Good, because you know we're going to make you talk about this," she says, and Will groans.

Hannibal leans over and kisses his cheek. "Darling, we do need to know a few things."

So of course they make him explain that yes, he knows he was being submissive, that 'sir' tends to be his default but that he will happily call either of them anything they want, and that he did know that he enjoys this sort of thing, he hasn't done much of it. "I trust you both more than anyone else I've ever engaged in kink with," Will mutters, "so that's probably part of why I went to pieces like that."

"It was intense," Hannibal says, "and very beautiful."

Will rolls his eyes even as Hannibal presses a kiss to his temple. "I like it so much I almost don't like it," he says, and turns his head to kiss Hannibal's neck, a silent assurance that that is

an important 'almost.' "It takes me out so far, like when you're on drugs and really want it to be over but it's not."

"So you have some experience in that area?" Bedelia murmurs, and Will chuckles.

"A bit. A little acid, some kind of unidentified pill because I was dumb when I was twenty, mushrooms."

"We are very fond of mushrooms," Hannibal says, "and usually take advantage of Abigail's time at Greenwater to eat some."

"Why am I completely not surprised?" Will murmurs, and they both smile.

"Naturally," Bedelia says, "this isn't an after-school special, and you don't have to participate or even observe if you don't want to."

"...You two are so collected that I think I have to see this," is what Will says, at last. "But I reserve the right to leave if it gets too weird, I haven't done anything like this since college."

"We thought it might be fun," Bedelia says. "Generally one of us stays sober or nearly so, and the other goes the distance."

"Like responsible parents," Will says, grimacing when it comes out more sarcastic than he meant it to. "I didn't mean that in a mean way," he mutters, and Hannibal laughs, hugging him and nuzzling into his hair.

"You are precious and I adore you," he says, and Will sighs, a wave of that drugged feeling sweeping over him and then pulling back. He clings to Hannibal until it passes, and then slips out from between the Lecter-Du Mauriers to go take a leak, catch his breath, and then go downstairs to check on his dogs. He wears the first bathrobe that comes to hand, a small, dusty rose thing that presumably belongs to Bedelia.

Downstairs the dogs are delighted to see him, and Will gives each of them a little nip of cold meat, making sure to leave plenty for whatever Hannibal intends to do with it. The dogs are grateful for what they get, of course, and also happy to be let out into the yard again. As Will is standing there in the moonlight and watching them nose around, a sudden touch makes him flinch in the second before he registers that it's Bedelia, sliding her arms around his waist from behind.

"Hey," he says by way of greeting, and wraps his arms over hers.

"This is my robe, you know," she says, muffled against Will's back.

"Thought so. Must be loose on you."

"It was supposed to be the sort of flirty little thing that barely covers one's ass, but since even the extra small would've been too long for the desired effect, I said to hell with it." Will makes a vague, affirmative noise, leaning back into her embrace a little, and she makes a small sound of amusement. "You really are a sweet boy," she murmurs, and stupid as it is, Will can feel himself blushing.

"Thank you, ma'am," he whispers, and her arms tighten around him a little, possessive and paradoxically comforting.

Sweet Tea On The Porch (Like Civilized People)

Hannibal is hardly surprised when Will leaves early in the morning. There's a delicate furtiveness to the way he moves, slinking out of the bedroom in the first soft light of a golden summer day, his underwear in his back pocket. He jumps when Hannibal sits up, but allows himself to be detained for a cup of coffee.

"It's not just that I don't want the whole neighborhood watching me leave," he says, "but I already have a bird and a rat without conspecifics, the least I can do is be home more."

"Don't worry about the neighbors," Hannibal says, "but of course, tend to your creatures. Your devotion is one of many charming qualities."

Will makes a truculent noise and Hannibal has to smile. After he finishes his coffee, Will takes his leave of Hannibal with a shy, sweet kiss, murmuring for him to give an extra one to Bedelia when she wakes up. Hannibal is happy to follow these directions, and when Bedelia wakes up, she agrees that those spare cages are top priority. She hasn't even begun to put herself together for the day when Sutcliffe calls, and Hannibal watches her as they talk, always cherishing her more unkempt moments.

"You wanted a rush job," Sutcliffe says, "you got a rush job. You'll get the hard copies later, but all three of you are clear. Do whatever you want with that surly, blue-eyed boy you brought in, and godspeed."

"Thank you," Hannibal coos, and Sutcliffe makes a disgusted noise.

"And now we are goddamn *even* for that time in Montreal, all right?"

"Indeed we are," Hannibal says, a little sorry not to have anything else to hold over Sutcliffe, even if this has been an excellent use of his favor. Once he has hung up, he calls Will to let him know. He and Bedelia both have appointments today, but it's a short day, and he's very glad of it when Will shyly extends an invitation for both of them to come over after work.

Bedelia is just as pleased as Hannibal is to know that Will wants them to come right over, and she hardly laughs at Hannibal at all for his constant slipping into daydreams about filthy barebacking. He knows that she knows exactly what he's thinking, and kisses her in a little desperately when they part, wanting the touch to tell her how much he loves her.

Thanks to the miracle of compartmentalization, Hannibal gets through the day all right. His patients do genuinely interest him, and it's only after he's done for the day that the lust rolls back over him like an ocean wave. He stands there just outside his building and shudders in the heat. Bedelia is waiting for him, parked on the street and running the air conditioning. Hannibal is glad to join her, sighing as he slides into the coolness. Bedelia smiles at him. She has had time to change, so she's wearing a little white sundress that's almost too exiguous for her age and gravity. Almost. It looks cool and crisp, and the little pleats at the hem suggest a tennis skirt.

"You look divine, carissima," he purrs, and she leans across to kiss his cheek. He tucks his tie into his jacket pocket, slipping out of it as she drives. He neatly folds it and leaves it in the back seat before rolling his sleeves up onto his forearms and undoing his top three buttons.

"Better?" Bedelia murmurs, and Hannibal chuckles.

"Much," he says, and reclines the seat a little, sighing contentedly. Bedelia switches on La Boheme, and Hannibal relaxes into it for the duration of the drive, glad to rest his mind a little before he sees Will. He actually dozes off, and startles awake when the car stops in Will's driveway. Bedelia smiles down at him, and he returns it, getting out and going around to open her door for her.

Will is sitting on the porch with his dogs and a pitcher of something cool. Sky is perched on his shoulder and Algernon is on the other one, Ishtar basking in the sun in a large basket that looks like something that's supposed to hold laundry. She raises her head as they approach, and after they wade through the dogs to kiss Will in greeting, Bedelia kneels by the basket, softly hissing at Ishtar, who rises a little more and flickers her tongue, gazing up at Bedelia with beady, glimmering eyes.

"I'm starting to see what you mean about wanting to draw me sometimes," Will says, and Hannibal chuckles. Sky lets out a happy little chirp, and he smiles at her.

"How often does Sky come out?" he asks, studying the bird as she cocks her tiny blue head and studies him in return.

"She likes to hang out with the rest of the flock, but if it's too cold or too windy or I don't have the time to chase her down and coax her back if she explores too far, I can't let her out." On cue, Sky flutters up to perch on a rafter. She lets out a few friendly whistles, bobs her head, and then drops down to settle on Hannibal's shoulder. "Put this under her," Will says, handing him a washcloth, "you can't housebreak a bird."

Hannibal is reluctant to break the spell, but Sky just sidles out of the way and then back onto the cloth, apparently as well-trained as any other of Will's animals. She whistles happily, and Hannibal smiles, staying very still. "I love how she can make anyone look like a Disney princess," Will says, and Hannibal laughs.

"Will," says Bedelia in tones of sweetest innocence, "may I hold your snake?"

"Any time you like," Will drawls, and then adds, "seriously, as long as she's not trying to get away from you, she's amenable. She likes the warm."

As Bedelia lets the snake flow up her forearms, Will offers them sweet tea with what he assures them is a reasonable amount of bourbon. It's a bit awkward to drink while covered in filthy animals, but it works out in the end, only requiring a little maneuvering. Sky is very interested in the tea, but Will teaches him a sort of gentle fending gesture that Sky knows means to leave something alone.

Bedelia looks amused as she watches this process, Ishtar winding around her throat in a living necklace, scales gleaming in the sun. Hannibal commits the image to memory to sketch

later, and Bedelia smiles at him because she knows exactly what he's doing.

Bedelia Has Her Moments

Bedelia can't believe that she's going to be the one, but having less of a sex drive than Hannibal doesn't mean not having one. As she sips her tea and watches Will, she starts to feel like she's going to burst into flame if she doesn't get him and Hannibal inside and stripped within the next ten minutes or so.

"My darlings," Bedelia says, breaking in on their desultory conversation, "I must insist that we adjourn inside."

"I see," Hannibal says, and Will blushes, looking surprised and shy and delighted. Bedelia gives him a slow, insinuating smile as she tenderly unwraps Ishtar from her neck, and he smiles back, looking very young, very silly, and very beautiful.

"Hannibal may be the insatiable monster around here," she says, "but I have my moments."

Hannibal holds the door for her while Will gathers up the small animals and follows them inside, having a soft, whistling conversation with Sky. As he gets them all settled, the dogs pour in around him. He lets them sniff everyone, drink water, and eat a few pieces of kibble, and then he takes the whole pack upstairs.

"Sorry guys," he says, voice drifting down the stairwell, "but you're sexiled."

She meets Hannibal's eyes and he grins at her, already down to his briefs. She slides out of her dress and then turns her back to him and lifts her hair, wordlessly demanding his help with her bra. As always, he is delighted to oblige her, and once he has the delicate lace confection somewhere safe, he wraps his arms around her and kisses the nape of her neck, sighing warm breath over sensitive skin. She closes her eyes and leans into it, smiling as she hears Will's footsteps coming back down the stairs.

Bedelia opens her eyes and beckons him over. "God, you're both so gorgeous," Will breathes, and shivers when she kisses him. When she gets both hands into his hair he purrs, and he whines helplessly when she pulls.

"Shirt," she growls against his lips, "now."

"Yes, ma'am," Will says, and he's only half-joking. They need to talk about this. She can't just jump into domming poor Will no matter how much she wants to. Negotiation is important. She settles for pulling his hair again and kissing him roughly as soon as the shirt is off. When she orders him to get the rest of his clothes off he blushes and squirms, but immediately obeys. Behind her, Hannibal whines under his breath, and she chuckles.

"And what do you want most of all, right now?" Bedelia purrs, reaching back to stroke his hair.

"I want to suck Will’s cock," he breathes, and Will shudders.

"That would be lovely to watch," she muses, making them both wait for her decision. "I think I do want to see that," she says, and Hannibal makes a quiet sort of grinding noise in his throat while Will looks at them like a startled prey animal.

"Do I get a vote?" Will asks, and she has the feeling that he would only get harder if she told him that he didn't, but that's nothing to do without negotiation.

"Always," is what she says.

"Okay," he says, with a shy smile that makes everything more filthy. "It's unanimous, though." He looks over her shoulder and grins at Hannibal. "After all, I know how badly you want to taste me."

"I don't know if you *can* know," he says, and Bedelia gently unwraps his arms. She goes over to the bed, throwing the blanket back to sit on the sheet, since it's easier to wash. Hannibal shudders, and then drops to his knees at just the right spot for prime viewing. She smiles, always delighted at how well he knows her. Will pads over, crackling with tension, and stops in front of Hannibal. He reaches down to stroke Hannibal's hair, and Hannibal humors him at first, nuzzling into his hand and kissing the palm, but then it's time to get to work. He grips Will’s hips and sighs, just nuzzling his hard cock for a moment, streaking his face with precome before drawing back to lap it up where it's beading on the tip. Will shudders and gasps, staring down at Hannibal, his hands resting on his shoulders.

"Hannibal--" he starts to say, and then cuts himself off with a moan as Hannibal takes him into his mouth. He spends a little while just feeling Will, and then swallows him down, sighing through his nose as he kisses the base of Will's cock. "Fuck," Will whimpers, staring down at Hannibal, and Bedelia smiles. They both look so wrecked already, and then Hannibal opens his eyes and gazes up at Will, who pulls back as much as Hannibal will let him and strokes Hannibal's hair, both of them shaking. Hannibal moans and closes his eyes again, swallowing Will all the way again. "Jesus, can you breathe all right?" Will asks, and Bedelia chuckles.

"Will, darling, he doesn't care. In fact, if he was willing to take his gluttonous mouth off of your cock, he would beg you to fuck it. Hannibal, dearest, give us a thumbs-up if you want Will to fuck your mouth." Naturally, Hannibal obliges, and Bedelia chuckles. She's so wet that she can hear it when she re-crosses her legs, and she shivers. "Well? You metaphorically heard the man, fuck his mouth."

Hannibal takes Will’s hands and puts them on his head, and Will closes his eyes tightly for a moment, and takes a deep breath. He looks like a man praying for strength, and Bedelia can't tell if he succeeded or failed when he grabs Hannibal's hair and starts fucking his mouth like breathing really is for other people.

"A little slower," Bedelia says, and Will slows down. "Pull almost all the way back, really let him feel it."

"I don't think there's much doubt of that," Will gasps, but he obeys, and Hannibal groans, melting into it. Will's thrusts intermittently block the sound, and Bedelia shudders, pressing

her thighs together and pinching her nipples as she watches. They'll probably both be exhausted by the time this is over and mostly useless to her, but this is worth it.

Oral Fixation

Will is a bit worried that his head is going to explode, but at least he'll die happy. He has never done this to anyone in his life, isn't sure how he feels about liking it so much, and knows that there's no way he can stop as long as Hannibal is willing. And god, is Hannibal willing. Every time Will pulls back to check on him and make sure he can breathe, Hannibal whines and digs his nails into Will's hips with renewed desperation. His eyes are glassy, but every time Will forces him to talk he gasps that he's all right and struggles to get his mouth on Will's cock again.

Hannibal is a mess, face covered in tears and spit, and he never did get around to taking his briefs off properly, just shoving them down when they started to chafe, and the endearing and inelegant way they bind his thighs is beautiful to behold. He clutches at Will's ass and after a little bit Bedelia kind of takes over the breathing breaks, telling Will when to pull back. He would remember on his own, even now, even when it seems like Hannibal might just keep going until he passes out, but it's still comforting.

When Hannibal starts to shake Will worries about him for a split second before he realizes that Hannibal is coming, hands-free and goddamn friction-free except for Will's dick in his mouth. Will makes a high, strangled noise as Hannibal's deep, loud groan vibrates all through him, and holds onto Hannibal's hair and just tries to stay upright, crammed so far back into Hannibal's throat that it cuts off the sound altogether. All that's left is a feeling, and Will groans as it peaks and subsides, Hannibal going still at last, pearly spots and streaks on the floor under him.

He drops forward onto his hands when Will pulls out, and stays there, his sides heaving as he pulls in huge, sawing breaths. Will drops to his knees and wipes at Hannibal's face with the back of one hand, cupping his jaw and looking into his eyes. Hannibal can only hold it for a moment before he's leaning in to kiss Will almost as hungrily as he had sucked his cock.

"Beautiful," Bedelia says, breathy and soft, and they both turn to look at her. She has one hand on her clit, propping herself up on the other, and beaming at both of them. "Come to me, my darlings," she coos. "I have tissues and wet wipes. Or Will does, anyway."

There are two boxes by the bed, and Hannibal makes good use of them once Will can move. He's still hard and it aches, but he helps Hannibal mop himself up, helps him to the bed, goes back to take care of the floor, and only then does he let out another quiet whimper. Bedelia is still sitting upright, Hannibal sort of curled around her hips, and when she reaches for Will he kneels between her feet. He knows the way he's gazing up at her is probably quite goopy, but he can't help himself.

"Sweet boy," Bedelia croons, stroking his hair. "You took such good care of Hannibal."

Hannibal makes a vaguely affirmative noise, mostly muffled, and Will chuckles. "Good," Will says softly, and Bedelia pets him some more and he's somehow contented despite being blue-balled and shaking, wound so tight he can't believe he can even sit still.

Bedelia chuckles. "If I were very cruel, I'd demand you eat me without touching yourself, but I'm not very cruel. Today," she adds, and Will whines. She shifts backward enough that her feet aren't hanging off when she lies back, beckons Will up onto the bed. He scrambles to obey, ranged over her and shaking, hoping he doesn't actually fall on her. She smiles up at him like she knows what he's thinking, and wraps one dainty hand around his cock and carefully guides the tip to where she's so impossibly wet.

Will cries out as he sinks into Bedelia and of course it's almost instant. He can't have her wrapped around him and murmuring in Italian in his ear and not come in about thirty seconds. He's nearly blind with it, rolling off of her to catch his breath and then sitting up to watch when he feels Hannibal moving. Bedelia moves to the edge of the bed again and Hannibal kneels. He's still languid and shaky, but he buries his face between Bedelia's thighs with a soft moan, and Will feels like his skin is too small for him when he realizes that Hannibal is licking as deep as he can, and that he must be tasting Will, too.

"Fuck," Will breathes, and Bedelia laughs breathlessly, draping her legs over Hannibal's shoulders, dainty heels digging into his back.

She reaches for him, and that's more than enough to get him moving again, even if he does feel like his legs are made of jello. He can't really hold himself up, but he doesn't have to to just cuddle in against Bedelia's side and grope her with one hand. She sighs and moans, pressing into his touch and into Hannibal's mouth, and soon Will finds the strength hold himself up and suck each nipple in turn, biting gently and moaning a little at the way Bedelia pulls his hair. Her other hand is wrapped into Hannibal's, so she can easily direct them both.

There are little wet sounds and hoarse breathing from Hannibal, with the occasional moan or whimper as Bedelia pulls at him, harder than Will would like. Hannibal clearly likes it just fine, and speeds up each time until Bedelia is panting, eyes glassy. She lets go of Will's hair to grab his hand, guiding it to her throat. She doesn't seem to expect him to really squeeze, which is good, but to hold her, with just enough pressure for her to know he's there. He holds on and watches as Hannibal licks her through a long climax, quiet by most standards and loud by Bedelia's. He only lets go when she has shuddered to a complete stop, and she gives him a lazy smile as Hannibal keeps licking her, slowly now, meant more to clean than anything else. She purrs and strokes his hair, making a pleased little noise when Will kisses her.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!